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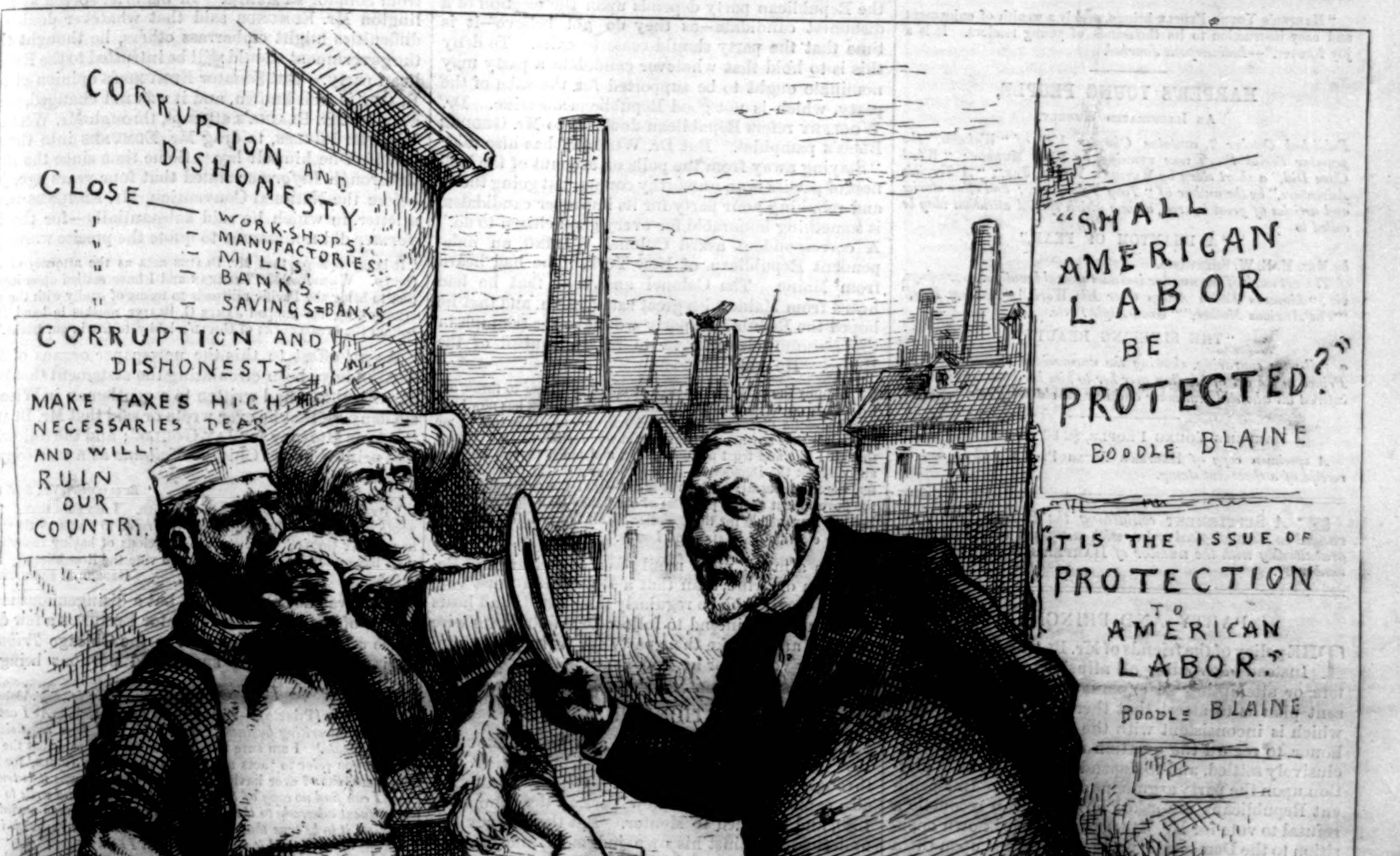
CORRUPTION AND DISHONESTY"
CLOSE — WORK-SHOPS,
" — MANUFACTORIES.
" — MILLS,
" — BANKS.
" — SAVINGS-BANKS
CORRUPTION AND DISHONESTY
MAKE TAXES HIGH, NECESSARIES DEAR AND WILL RUIN OUR COUNTRY.
"SHALL AMERICAN LABOR BE PROTECTED?" BOODLE BLAINE
"IT IS THE ISSUE OF PROTECTION TO AMERICAN LABOR." BOODLE BLAINE
20 YEARS OF PROTECTION FOR & BY BOODLE BLAINE
Th. Nast

STOP TICKLING *US*, AND ANSWER WITHOUT DODGING.

AMERICAN LABOR. "Does public plunder for private gains protect American labor?"

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☞ *A* SUPPLEMENT *containing the* BLAINE *letters, arranged in chronological order, with marginal notes, was issued gratuitously with the number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *for September* 27.

PARTY AND PRINCIPLE.

THE policy of the friends of Mr. BLAINE has changed. Instead of avoiding all allusion to the terrible letters, or attempting an explanation of them, the present plan is to assert that there is nothing in them which is inconsistent with the highest integrity and honor, to regard the question raised by them as conclusively settled, and to depend for Mr. BLAINE's election upon the party argument and appeal. Independent Republicans are asked how they can reconcile a refusal to vote for Mr. BLAINE with their known opposition to the Democratic party. It is urged upon them that while it is natural that a man who changes his opinion upon a public policy should change his party relations accordingly, or that men should leave all existing parties to form a new party, yet that in the present instance the Independent Republicans distinctly declare that they do not abandon their party, and expressly disclaim the purpose of forming a new party. If, therefore, they are still Republicans, it is argued, they ought to support the party nomination, and the great achievements of the Republican party and the offenses of the Democratic party are then vigorously set forth. The reply to this argument is short and conclusive. It is distinctly stated in the address of the Conference of Republicans and Independents, which says, "The Republican nomination has for the time superseded all other questions by raising the question of official honesty." The great Presidential contests in our history, except that of 1824, have been party controversies. Mr. SEWARD, in 1856, as if to explain his silence in regard to the candidate, said in substance that no party had ever presented a candidate who was not an honest man, and that the election should therefore be decided by considerations of party tendency and policy.

This is the normal and proper situation. But Mr. SEWARD neither said nor intimated that if a question of official integrity and personal veracity in the candidate were seriously raised, and if it were shown that a candidate had traded upon an official trust for pecuniary gain, the voter should quietly accept him as the candidate of his party, and for the sake of the party, and disregarding the want of integrity in the candidate, try to secure his election to the Presidency. That would have been to admit that official integrity was not indispensable in the Presidency, and no man who plainly and deliberately asserted that could retain the respect of the American people. The question of the pending election, therefore, is not whether the Republican or Democratic party may be more wisely intrusted with the government, but whether a man who is shown by his own letters to have abused a great public trust shall be made President. That is a question which takes precedence of all others, and it is useless to try to show intelligent men who doubt the candidate's official integrity that the tariff may be endangered if such a candidate is not elected. If protection can be had only at such a price, they will declare the price is too high. The tariff will evidently not be molested in any case, but the misfortune of such an election could not be undone. Intelligent Republicans will judge for themselves, and huzzas for the candidate will not disturb them. It was in the interest of what they believed to be pure Republicanism that thousands of Republicans voted against the Republican candidate in New York in 1882, and it is in the same belief that thousands of Republicans will vote against Mr. BLAINE in 1884. They reject the doctrine that Republican loyalty requires them to support for the Presidency a candidate who is shown to have trafficked in his office.

To the question whether defeat of the candidate does not threaten the existence of the party, their conclusive reply is that if the continued existence of the Republican party depends upon the election of a dishonest candidate—as they do not believe—it is time that the party should cease to exist. To deny this is to hold that whatever candidate a party may nominate ought to be supported for the sake of the party, which is not good Republican doctrine. Dr. WOOLSEY refers Republican doubters to Mr. GEORGE BLISS's pamphlet. But Dr. WOOLSEY has also said: "Staying away from the polls on account of the badness of parties is an unworthy course; but going there, and rebuking your party for its improper candidates, is something honorable for every good citizen to do." A correspondent asked Colonel WARING, an independent Republican of New York, if he had heard from Maine. The Colonel answered that he had heard from Maine with great satisfaction, and that he hoped the Republican party would so far triumph in the autumn elections as to regain control of the House. He adds:

> "Happily the party has enough strength and vigor to throw off, without harm to its system, the disease with which it has now been attacked—the disease of organized corruption. It seems to me incredible that any honest man should vote for Mr. BLAINE. Much though I like and trust my own party, and much though I dislike and distrust the Democratic party, I believe that it would be better, were it necessary—which it is not—that the entire control of the government should pass out of our hands than that we should become responsible for the infliction of all the evil that must follow the election of BLAINE and LOGAN."

That is a much more manly and American and Republican doctrine than that a Republican must vote for the Devil if he be regularly nominated; and hosts of Republicans intend to follow Dr. WOOLSEY's wise counsel, and rebuke their party for its improper candidate by voting for his opponent.

AN ELECTIONEERING TOUR.

LIKE Mr. GREELEY in 1872, and Mr. SEYMOUR in 1868, Mr. BLAINE is making an electioneering tour through the "pivotal" States. General GARFIELD also came to the city of New York in the summer of 1880, and returned to Mentor. But the journey was undertaken against his own judgment, and in deference to the request of the National Committee, which he did not feel at liberty to disregard. The more dignified course for a candidate undoubtedly is to remain quietly at home. Having been selected, as should be the rule, as a fitting representative of the general policy of his party, the debates of the canvass may be well left to others. A candidate upon an electioneering tour is a candidate personally soliciting votes, and that is an attitude in which it is not pleasant that a candidate for the Presidency should stand.

In New York Mr. BLAINE did not enter upon any political discussion. His object seems to have been to give occasion for demonstrations of enthusiasm which might have an effect upon hesitating and doubtful Republicans as seeming to show the popular regard for him, and his speeches were well-turned compliments to the communities in which they were spoken. He constantly and dexterously intimated, however, that he found in the warmth of his reception a gratifying verdict upon the terrible letters, and the scenes were what they always are under such circumstances, full of tumult and excitement. In Ohio he begged the audience not to be diverted from what he called the real question of the campaign, which he declared to be protection to American labor. The appeal was unnecessary. The country has never been diverted from the real question in any campaign, and if Mr. BLAINE hopes to be elected he ought certainly to wish that his election should signify not approval of his economical doctrines, but disbelief of the charges against his official integrity. But to make it mean that, he must not try to conceal the real issue, which is the candidate's official character, not his opinions of public policy. The object of the tour, however, is not discussion. It is to arouse party feeling.

Mr. CLEVELAND, on the other hand, remains in the quiet discharge of his official duties, except that a visit to his home in Buffalo was the occasion of a great demonstration. The contrast in this respect between the candidates is characteristic. Mr. BLAINE is essentially a "showy" candidate. His political career is restless and sensational. He is known for his personal "magnetism." Mr. CLEVELAND's hold upon public confidence lies in the honest, intelligent, courageous, and independent discharge of official duty. No one who has studied his career, and has seen that he has always held public office inviolably as a public trust, believes that as President he would be swayed by evil partisan counsels which as Governor he has firmly resisted. It is a striking contrast. One candidate presents in their most plausible and specious form the qualities and tendencies in administration which are now most to be deprecated in the government. The other illustrates the official virtues which are most desirable. The electioneering tour of the one and the steady fidelity of the other are typical of the character of this campaign.

MR. EDMUNDS AND MR. BLAINE.

IT is unfortunate for Mr. BLAINE that his friends insist upon trying to obtain some word of commendation of the candidate and approval of the candidacy from Senator EDMUNDS. In his brief speech at Burlington Mr. EDMUNDS said that whatever doubts or difficulties might embarrass others, he thought that the government should still be intrusted to the Republican party. But Senator EDMUNDS's opinion of Mr. BLAINE is well known, and it was not changed, probably, by Mr. BLAINE's attempt, through Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, to drag Mr. EDMUNDS into the pit in which he himself lay. Some time since the Brattleborough *Reformer* stated that four years ago, just before the National Convention, Mr. EDMUNDS wrote a letter, in which he said substantially—for the *Reformer* did not assume to quote the precise words—

> "It is my opinion that Mr. BLAINE acts as the attorney of JAY GOULD. Whenever Mr. THURMAN and I have settled upon legislation to bring the Pacific railroads to terms of equity with the government, up has jumped JAMES G. BLAINE, musket in hand, from behind the breastworks of GOULD's lobby, to fire in our backs."

As an offset to this the newspaper organs of Mr. BLAINE have been circulating the statement that Senator EDMUNDS had written to a gentleman in Wisconsin denying that he ever wrote or said that Mr. BLAINE "acts as attorney for JAY GOULD"; and the following was printed in the Chicago *Tribune* as a true copy of his letter:

> "BURLINGTON, VT., *Sept.* 18.
>
> "DEAR SIR,—I have yours of the 15th. I am sure that I never wrote or said that the gentleman you refer to "acts as the attorney of JAY GOULD," for I am not conscious of having thought so. As I have publicly stated, I expect to vote the Republican ticket.
>
> "Yours truly, GEORGE F. EDMUNDS."

This was not a true copy, but a disingenuous mutilation of the letter; and Senator EDMUNDS a few days since sent a true copy of it to the Chicago *Tribune.* It is as follows, the suppressed portions being in *italics:*

> "BURLINGTON, VT., *Sept.* 18, 1884.
>
> "DEAR SIR (Private),—I have yours of the 15th. *As I am not in the letter-writing business, I mark this, as I have some similar ones, 'private.'* I am sure that I never wrote or said that the gentleman you refer to 'acts as the attorney of JAY GOULD,' for I am not conscious of ever having thought so. *I presume it is true, altho' I can find no copy of the letter, that in* 1880 *I did write to some constituent adversely to the nomination of the gentleman named, and I believe it to be true that he was on the side of the railroads in the struggle of* 1878, *and it is my belief that I said so.*
>
> "As I have publicly stated, I expect to vote the Republican ticket. Yours, GEO. F. EDMUNDS.
>
> "FRANK A. FLOWER, ESQ., *Madison, Wis.*"

The friends of Mr. BLAINE are welcome to all the comfort they can find in this letter, which simply confirms the statement that some time before the Convention of 1880 Senator EDMUNDS was not favorable to that gentleman. The answer to Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS did not disguise Mr. EDMUNDS's opinion of Mr. BLAINE's attempt to smirch him. Mr. EDMUNDS's speech of five minutes, in which he did not refer to the candidate, the tone of his present denial of ever having called Mr. BLAINE the attorney of JAY GOULD, but not denying the unfavorable opinion expressed in the letter of four years ago, and the fact that although in New York when Mr. BLAINE was there as the candidate he did not call upon him, show Mr. BLAINE and his friends and the country what Mr. EDMUNDS thinks of the nomination.

Mr. EDMUNDS is a Republican Senator and a strong party man, and he will vote for the BLAINE electors in Vermont. But if Republicans generally shared his evident opinion of the candidate, and supported him in the same way, he could not possibly be elected. Of Republicans who propose to take a course different from his, Mr. EDMUNDS says: "I recognize fully the liberty of belief, of opinion, and of action that belongs to citizenship. It is a fundamental part of our creed, and none of us can fail to feel the great responsibility that results from that freedom."

JAMES MADISON.

THE last volume in the excellent series of "American Statesmen" is Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD GAY's *Life of James Madison.* It is one of our best political biographies, and the mild and timid but able political student, commentator, and controversialist was never treated with such incisive vigor and comprehension before. RIVES's *Life,* so far as it goes, is a heavy, respectable work undertaken by one Virginian for the glory of another, and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS's eulogy, although, like all his work of the kind, valuable, is naturally not in the historic or critical key. But Mr. GAY's review of MADISON's career is a just and careful estimate of the man and his services, aiming to tell the truth and not to depict a hero, and presenting a lucid and animated picture in little of the long political period in which he was a conspicuous figure.

Madison was essentially and exclusively a public man, but his temperament fitted him for contemplation and counsel rather than for executive action. The judicial tone of his mind, and his clear perception of the reasons why a national union of the States was indispensable, made him one of the most valuable delegates in the Constitutional Convention, and subsequently in the legislative interpretation of the Constitution when the government was organized. Thus in the important debate which resulted in giving to the President alone the power of removal from offices which were filled only with the consent of the Senate, the word of Madison was practically decisive. Nearly half a century later Webster questioned the correctness of Madison's view, but he admitted that it had established the usage which he would not change; nor was it changed until Congress apprehended the gravest public peril from the abuse of the power, and restrained it by the Tenure of Office Act. Madison's Federal days were his best. Mr. Gay evidently thinks the Federal position to have been the wiser and more patriotic, and there is no doubt that it has been vindicated by events. Hamilton's view of the Constitution prevailed in judicial construction and in the conviction of the country, which, with the rapid increase of population and prosperity, became more and more a nation; and Webster's Federal theory of the government was maintained by the civil war.

Madison was drawn from the Federal side, as Mr. Gay says, by personal influence and the local dogma of State sovereignty, which was naturally the doctrine of sparely peopled, slave-holding, and planting States. He became a party leader, but was always under the influence of Jefferson's more positive character, and with Jefferson he furnished the argument for secession, although he stoutly denied it. His Presidency was an epoch of humiliation, whose chief event was a war ostensibly undertaken for a reason which was not even settled by the treaty of peace, and his renown does not rest in any degree upon his Presidential service. Mr. Madison was one of the most amiable of men, and of the highest personal integrity. Intellectually he was solid and not brilliant, and all that he said and wrote had a certain stately gravity, which was unrelieved by any sense of humor. But, with all reservations made, he was one of the fathers of the republic, a conspicuous figure in that eminent group of statesmen which Chatham's noble compliment truly described. And it is the praise of Mr. Gay's admirable *Life* that his comprehension of Madison's real ability and service is so just that its impression is not obscured by his keen and pungent censure. The book is a masterly study.

A JUDGE'S VIEW.

Judge Noah Davis is an excellent citizen and upright magistrate who differs from many other equally excellent and upright men in his estimate of the Mulligan letters. He is reported to have said that "there is not in them a particle of evidence that should impugn in the minds of the American people the honesty, integrity, and fitness of James G. Blaine for the Presidency of the United States."

The authenticity of the letters is not questioned, and there is therefore no doubt that Mr. Blaine wrote to Mr. Fisher the letter of the 16th of April, 1876, inclosing the draft of a letter which he asked Mr. Fisher to copy, and return to him as his own (Fisher's) letter. Without stopping to inquire whether the draft contained a true statement, we ask, if Mr. Fisher had written the letter, what did Mr. Blaine propose to do with it? Did he intend that it should be known to be his own letter which Mr. Fisher had copied? No: his own directions show that he meant to conceal that fact. He proposed to show the letter as the spontaneous and unsolicited testimony of Mr. Fisher. He meant to deceive the country, and the intention to deceive is the essence of falsehood.

Judge Davis thinks that such an act should not "impugn in the minds of the American people the honesty, integrity, and fitness of James G. Blaine for the Presidency of the United States." Fortunately, we repeat, there are many men of his own excellent character who do not agree with Judge Davis, and who hold that if John Marshall had written such a letter with such an intent, asking a friend to say what he did not think, for the purpose of showing it as his friend's unsolicited expression of opinion, John Marshall would have shown himself to be unfit for the Chief Justiceship of the United States.

THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES.

One of the most entertaining of the recent issues of the "Franklin Square Library" is *The Court of the Tuileries from the Restoration to the Flight of Louis Philippe*, by Lady Jackson. It is a capital pendant to Madame De Rémusat's memoirs, revealing the court life with a feeling as friendly to Napoleon as that of the De Rémusat memoirs is hostile to him. Indeed, it is in such a glimpse of the *vie intime* of the royal circle that the Bourbonism of the Bourbons becomes vividly apparent. Their fatuity was incredible. They counted upon a France which was extinct, and returned to the Tuileries as if the French nation ardently desired the return of the imbruting tyranny of Louis XV., the oppression which produced the French Revolution, as noxious swamps were fabled to spawn serpents.

Lady Jackson, however, avoids political history, and shows the ceremony, the dress, the life and conduct and gossip of the court. The fat, good-humored, dull, and "free-thinking" Louis XVIII., followed by the rake reformed into the bigot, Charles X., the prim and grim Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the absurd Duke, the gay and charming Duchesse de Berry, the Countess of Cayla, Madame Récamier, Châteaubriand, Citizen Louis Philippe, and a crowd of other familiar figures smile and bow and pose and intrigue upon the scene; and Lady Jackson's shy sense of humor misses no point, as when Louis XVIII. abstractedly pulls off Louis Philippe's gloves, who abstractedly draws them on again, or George IV. pins a Bourbon cockade to the coat of Louis XVIII. with "his august fat fingers."

All such memoirs promote and strengthen the republic in France by unveiling monarchy. They scatter the glamour of royalty by showing of what arrogance, ignorance, prejudice, selfishness, cruelty, inhumanity, and wild extravagance it is often composed. It is not strange that intelligent and patriotic Frenchmen, even men like Laboulaye, recalling the lurid spectacle of '93, should shudder at the chance of mob rule, and accept the empire as at least a guarantee of order. But a wiser mind sees that the path to permanent peace in France lies away from and not toward the Regency. Popular government has its inconveniences and its perils. But the remedy lies in its improvement, not in its abolition. The long series of memoirs of the Tuileries is the story of the main sources of the French Revolution and of the condition of the French people.

EMPERORS AND THEIR ARMIES.

Whether the late meeting of the three Emperors at Skierniwice was merely a pleasant picnic or a solemn tripartite conference for settling the fate of Europe is a point on which the quidnuncs are still at liberty to speculate. But the single known result of the interview is suggestive.

Emperor William, on reaching Berlin, immediately directed that a regiment of Uhlans should bear the name of Alexander III. of Russia, and wear it on their epaulets. Emperor Francis Joseph, on arriving at Vienna, appointed the Czarowitz an honorary Lieutenant, and the Grand-duke Sergius an honorary Colonel in Austrian regiments. The Czar, on his part, may by this time have responded with a like distribution of inexpensive military honors. All the three Emperors, and various Kings and kinglings of Europe, were long ago made officers in regiments not belonging to their own countries, and have had battalions christened in their honor.

A satirist might well ridicule this custom, perpetuated by potentates over their cups or by premiers in the beaten way of diplomatic compliment, since it is obvious that these nicknamed regiments may be ordered to attack the troops of the very foreigners whose title they bear. But a more significant lesson is derived from this evidence of the light in which the tenants of European thrones still look upon their soldiers. Evidently they must largely regard them as personal retainers, in a survival of the old feudal spirit, since they can thus put upon them any badge they like, and nominally transfer them to the patronage of brother princes, without more consultation with the men themselves than if they were horses sent as gifts to foreign stables.

Not long ago the world saw a serious outcome of this fancy of monarchs, when France became enraged with her neighbors as a consequence of Emperor William's act in making the King of Spain an honorary officer in a regiment of Uhlans.

THE SAHARA SEA.

The proposal to fill up with water from the Mediterranean such portions of the desert in South Algeria as are below the ocean level, thereby creating a great artificial sea, now derives fresh interest from the statement that a company has been formed for undertaking this work. It appears, however, that the present design is only to begin the construction of a port at the mouth of the Dued-Melah—an enterprise which might stand on its own merits, apart from the more serious one of flooding the dry bed of the Shotts, since such a harbor is greatly needed on the coast of Tunis.

At the recent meeting of the American Association in Philadelphia an interesting paper was read on this subject by Mr. VanderWeyde. The odd objection sometimes raised against the project on the ground of its seriously lowering the level of the Mediterranean, and thereby disturbing the terrestrial centre of gravity, was very naturally considered to be of "no practical importance"; and, indeed, it would be astonishing if mankind should need hereafter to take precautions in engineering operations lest they should unwittingly unbalance the earth. A less queer consideration, however, is the one based on the probable effects of evaporation, should these lower basins of the Sahara Desert be filled with ocean water by the contemplated channel to the Mediterranean. Evaporation being excessively rapid in the arid region of Algeria, it will go on at an enormous rate when the artificial lake almost reaches the ocean level, and hence the ocean water must flow continually through the channel to replace the water removed. The result anticipated by the essayist just quoted is that "the saltness will continually increase, and in a few decades will reach a point of saturation where crystallization along its shores will begin forming a belt of salt around its whole extent. This belt will rapidly increase in width, so that in a few centuries the original lake will have contracted to its deepest portions, while at last it will disappear, leaving in its place an immense deposit of salt. In fact, the experiment to transform the Sahara Desert into a lake will be the construction of an enormous salt-pan." On the other hand, we may remember that evaporation itself would change the nature of the climate, and cause rain to fall in localities now arid. This, indeed, is a main argument in favor of the scheme, which is designed both to render fertile the desert localities, and to furnish a water highway for commerce. But the amount of rain thus obtained would not, it is argued, equal the evaporation, and hence would only retard instead of wholly preventing the vast salt deposit already referred to. If this theory be correct, we should change a desert of sand into a desert of salt.

Colonel Roudaire has insisted that the Shotts was the Triton Bay of the ancients, and if so, traces of salt formation should be visible there now. But in this theory he finds little support. There is no doubt that, in spite of the valuable aid of De Lesseps, the plan of flooding the Algerian basins is greatly opposed by some members of the French Academy of Sciences, one of whom has declared that it would be the ruin of Belad-el-Djerid and Souf.

PERSONAL.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt: "I am living a private life, and I am enjoying myself. My health is splendid, and I enjoy the society of my family. I go out for a walk in the morning and a ride in the afternoon, when circumstances will admit, and I find a quiet life all that I expected it to be. I think I have good reason to congratulate myself that I know when to retire. There are few who are satisfied to stop, and they keep on until the end stops them. I have retired from business, and if my name is mentioned in connection with railroad stocks, don't ask me. My sons Cornelius and William K. attend to all my affairs now."

—A foreign correspondent writes that Thiers's handshake was brusque and dry, but not unpleasant; that Gambetta's contrasted with his apparent openness and heartiness, and did not express character; that Clémenceau's is nervous and rapid, and with a friend very friendly; that Grévy scans your face in a good-humored way while holding your hand; and that Victor Hugo shakes hands after the manner of a grandiose statue into which, as into Galatea, the breath of life has been breathed.

—After receiving his appointment as Minister to Germany, Bayard Taylor wrote to a friend: "It is something so amazing for an *author* to receive that I am more bewildered and embarrassed than proud of the honor. If you knew how many years I have steadily worked, devoted to a high ideal, which no one seemed to recognize, and sneered at by cheap critics as a mere interloper in literature, you would understand how incredible this change seems to me. The great comfort is this—I was right in my instinct. The world does appreciate earnest endeavor in the end. I have always had faith, and I have learned to overlook opposition, disparagement, misconception of my best work, believing that the day of justification would come. But what now comes to me seems too much. I can only accept it as a balance against me, to be met by still better work in the future."

—The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, who five years ago was filling Music Hall, Boston, with his eloquence in the presence of vast audiences, is now the proprietor of the "Snowshoe Café" in Montreal. Last year he was in the lumber business in Texas.

—Says the Baltimore *American:* "Mr. John W. Garrett was a citizen of Baltimore, one who loved his city, and who with wonderful success devoted all his best energies for the furtherance of her interests, dying while completing the self-imposed task. A movement inaugurated by prominent members of the commercial bodies for the erection by private subscription of a memorial would, we do not question, meet with ready response, and be crowned by deserved success."

—Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens has completed a beautiful tablet for the Channing Memorial Church at Newport, in memory of its first minister, the late Rev. Charles T. Brooks, who also was a most accomplished *littérateur*. The tablet is adorned with a portrait medallion, and inscribed as follows: "In sacred memory of the first and beloved minister of this society, Charles Timothy Brooks, born in Salem, June 20, 1813; died at Newport, June 14, 1883. His pastorate extended over thirty-seven years. A persuasive preacher, and eminent as a scholar and poet, he was still more distinguished for the simplicity and purity of his character, his child-like faith in God, and never-failing charity toward his fellow-men."

—Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, on General Lew Wallack, American Minister to Turkey: "General Wallack (author of *Ben Hur*) is going home on leave. He is a very serious loss to us all, and if he is not re-appointed, American interests (arms, ammunition, etc.) will suffer fatally in Turkey. He has the most extraordinary personal influence with the Sultan, and has done more for American claims in a couple of years than all the other ambassadors have done for theirs in twenty. A man of immense talent, and thoroughly understanding his business."

—The heirs of the late Mr. James L. Claghorn, of Philadelphia, have refused an offer of $120,000 for his magnificent collection of engravings and etchings, among which are three hundred Rembrandts.

—Hans Makart, the distinguished Austrian painter, who recently became violently insane, died on the 3d inst. at Vienna, from inflammation of the brain. His chief hallucination was that his head was a box full of pigments, which he wanted, but could not get at. His malady suddenly took a fatal turn, and he died in great agony. A portrait of Makart was given in Harper's Weekly for July 12, 1879.

—At the recent Church Congress held at Carlisle, Rev. Mr. Nevin, rector of the American Church in Rome, read a paper. Dr. Baker, of Maryland, said that America had much to learn from England in music and all that made men reverent and religious.

—Hon. George Irvine, Q. C., of Quebec, has been appointed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and approved by the Dominion government, as Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court at Quebec.

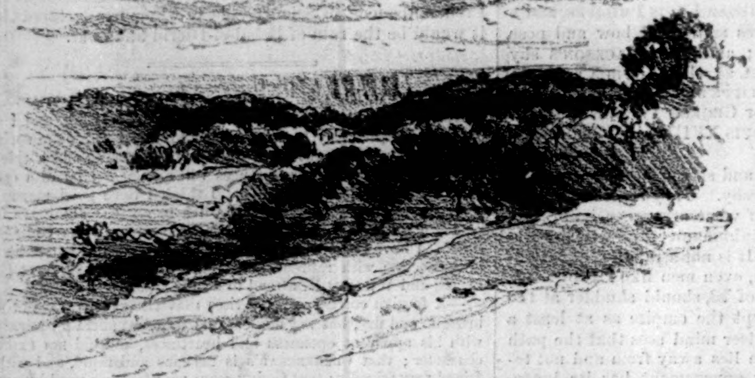
—Mr. Coon, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, is described as a tall, somewhat loose-jointed man, of about forty, with a high forehead, a wrinkled face, and mustache and side whiskers dark brown, like his hair. He dresses well, in a subdued, decorous way, and is apt to carry a fashionable umbrella or stick.

—Prince Edward, son of the Prince of Wales, will travel in Canada and the United States next year.

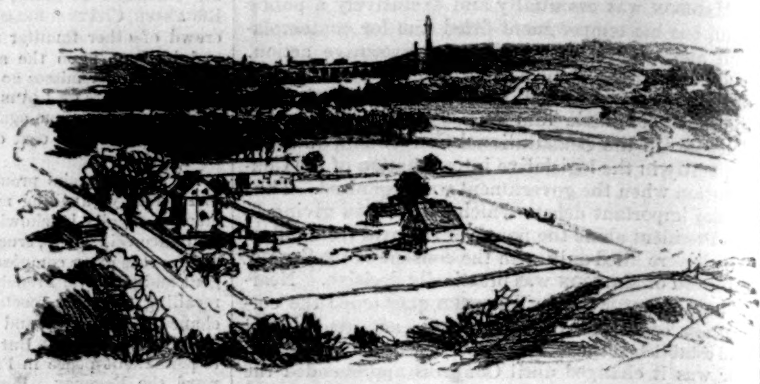
—Felix Moscheles, the English portrait painter, whose work last winter attracted so much attention here, is about to return to New York. He left suddenly in the spring on account of the illness of his mother. She is entirely well again, and he has since then covered a good many canvases in London, and is soon to be back in New York with some blank ones.

—Mr. Gladstone amused himself a few days ago by ascending and descending one of the highest mountains in Scotland. The route was circuitous, and the distance about twenty miles.

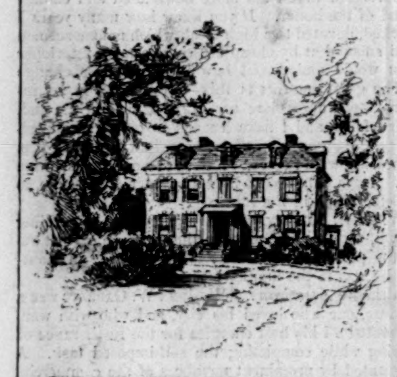
—There is a convent of colored nuns in Baltimore. The daily life of these recluses is described by one of them as follows: "We rise every morning at half past four, summer and winter. We are engaged in prayers in the chapel till half past five, being allowed twenty minutes to dress. At half past five, if it is a day when we have no mass in our own chapel, we go out to the church a few blocks away. We get home about a quarter to seven; then we are engaged in the ordinary duties of the house till half past seven, have breakfast till a quarter of eight, and then each Sister goes to her own work. School begins at nine o'clock and continues till twelve. Then the Sisters go to the chapel in the house to say the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which consists in reciting five psalms. This takes us till half past twelve; then we have dinner. There is recreation till two o'clock, when the school begins again. From two till half past three we are at school at industrial work; then recess for the pupils till four. The Sisters continue their work till half past five. Then comes meditation in the chapel, supper at seven, and recreation till half past eight. Then we have our night prayers. Every one, Sisters and pupils, must be in bed at half past nine. This is the story of our life all the year round."



DISTANT VIEW OF THE PALISADES.

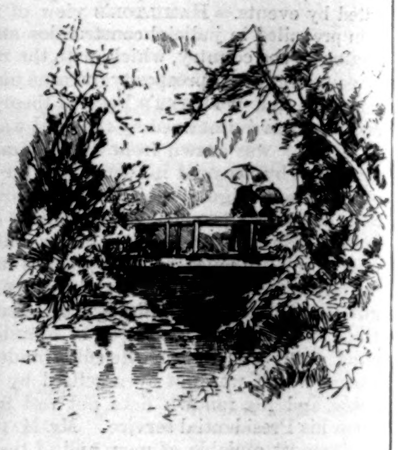


PARADE GROUND.

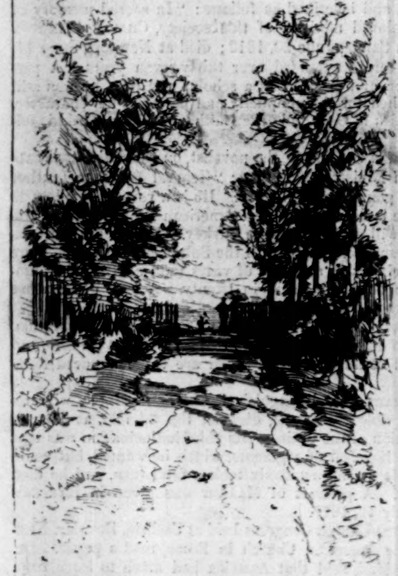


THE VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

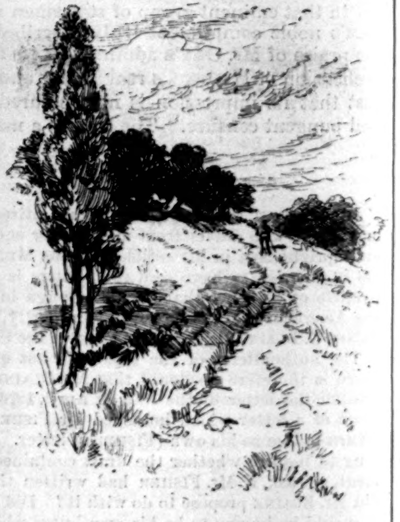
THE OLD MILL.



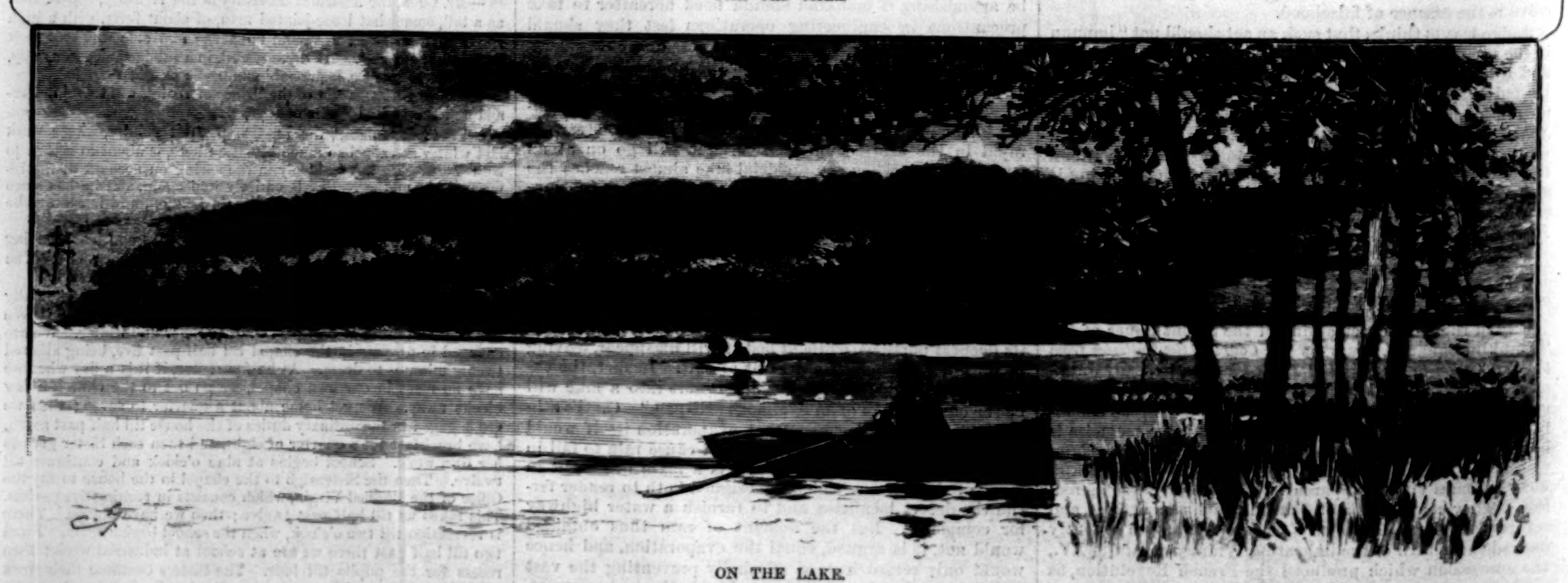
RUSTIC BRIDGE.



THE LANE.

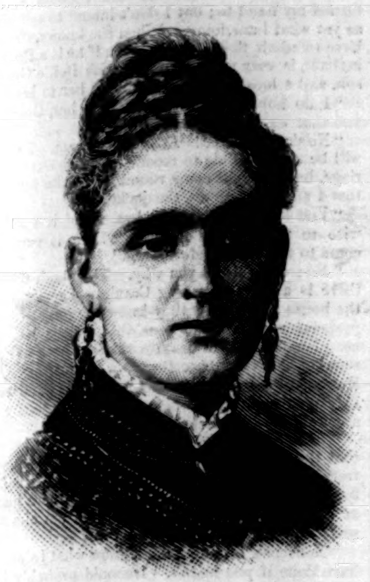


NATURAL HILL-SIDES.

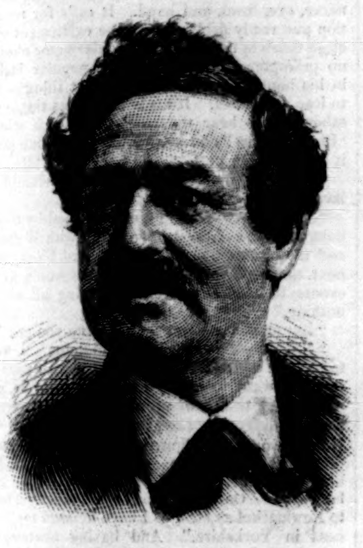


ON THE LAKE.

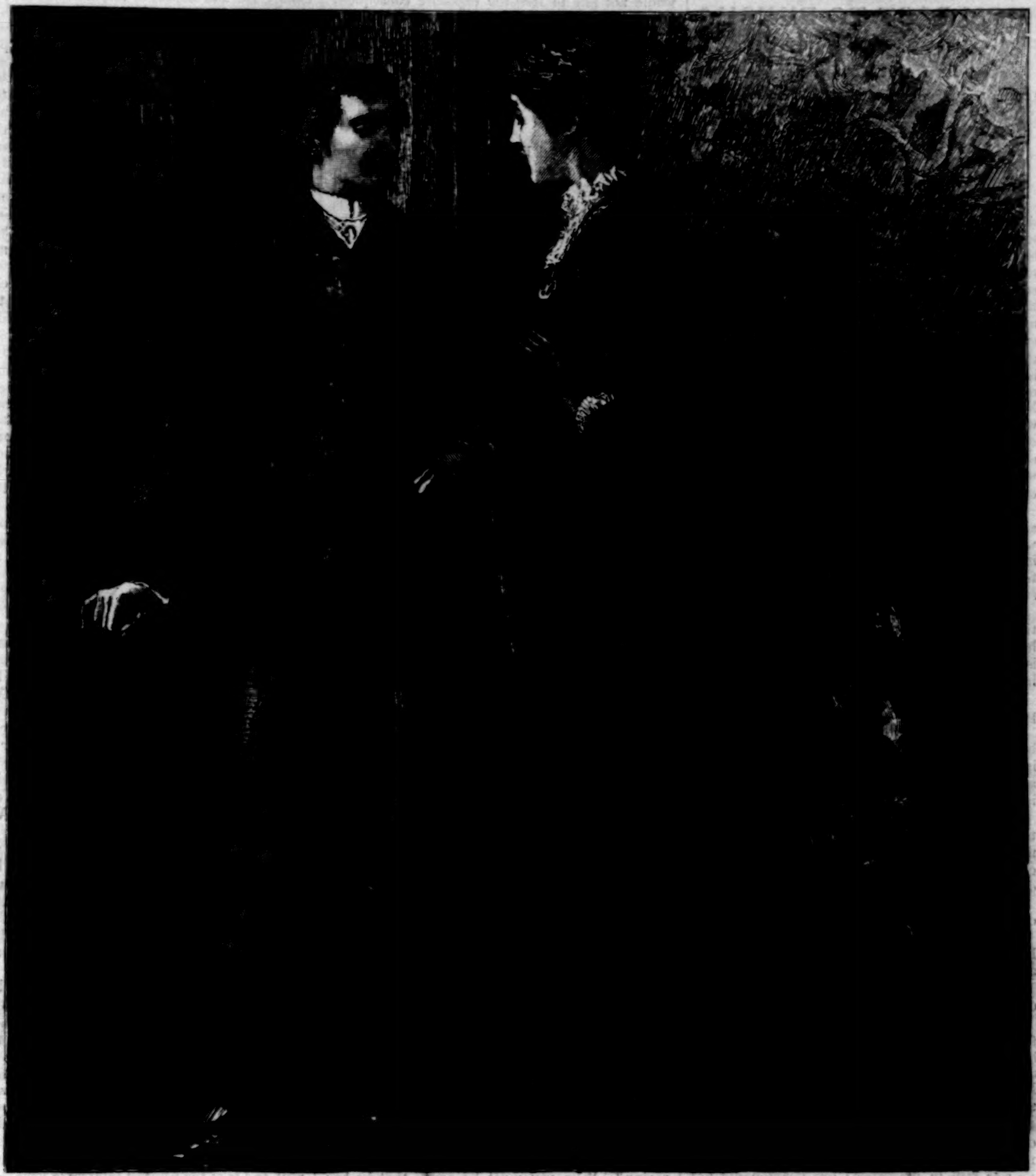
VIEWS IN VAN CORTLANDT PARK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 669.]



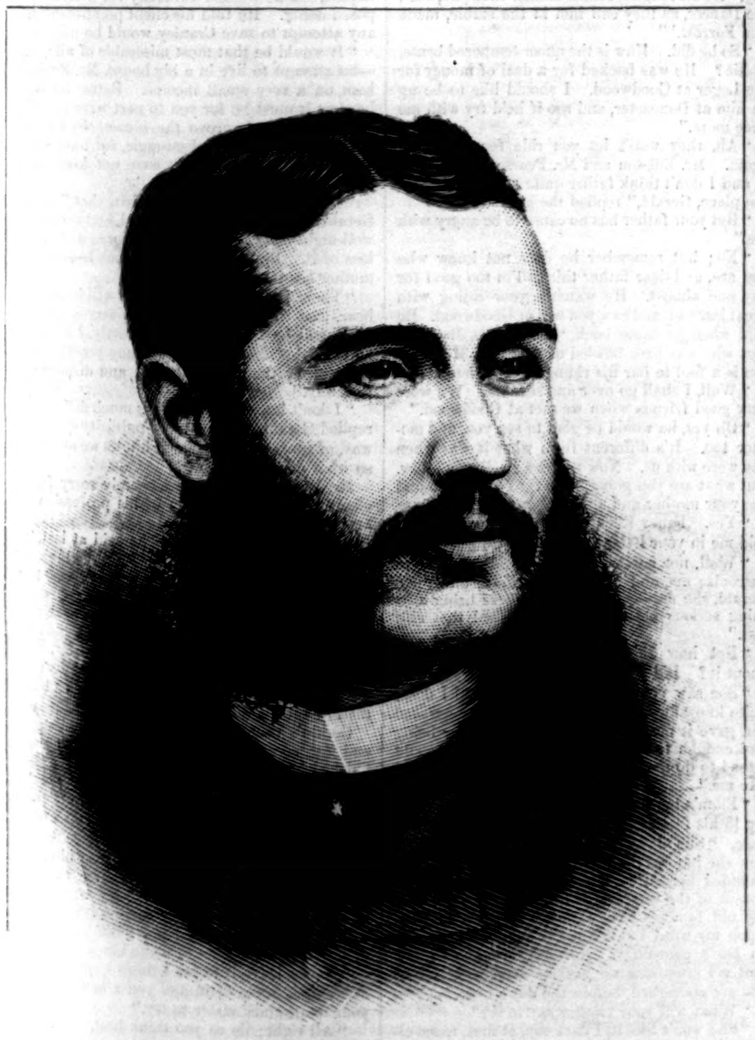
THE LATE MISS SARAH C. CARPENTER, OF BROOKLYN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NAEGELI.—[SEE PAGE 669.]



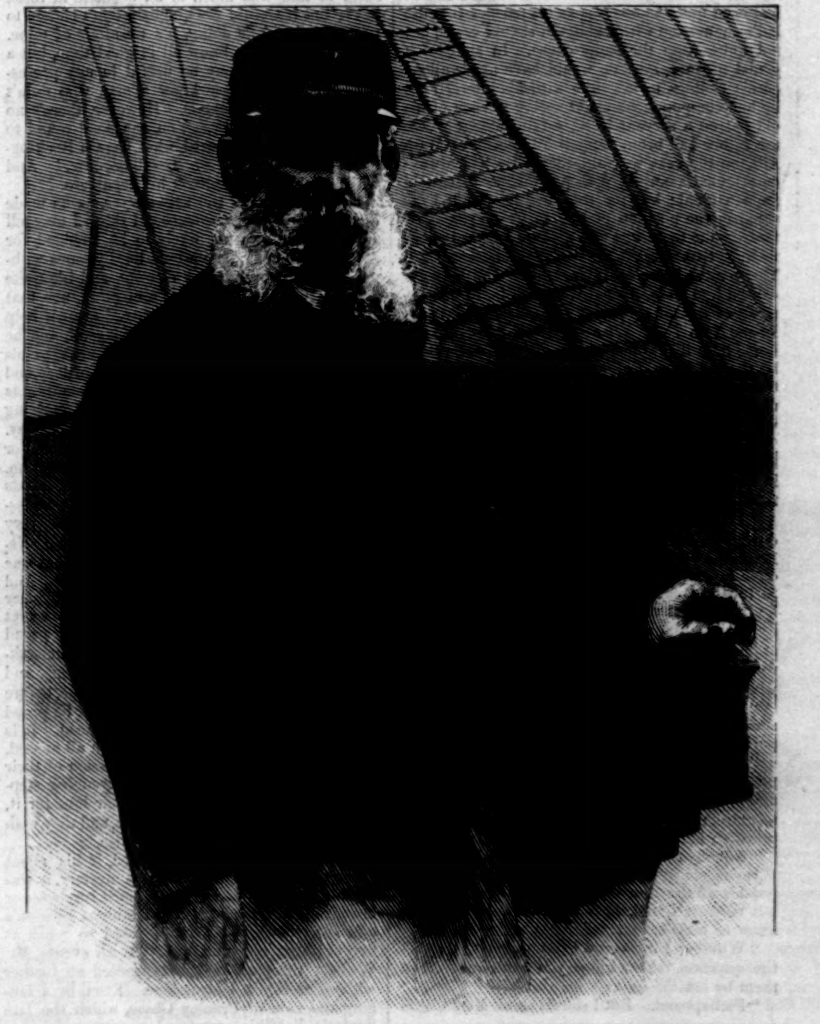
THE LATE FRANK S. CHANFRAU.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 669.]



"'IT IS NOT BETTING THAT YOU'RE MAKING YOUR MONEY AT?' SHE SAID."—[SEE SERIAL "FROM POST TO FINISH," PAGE 668.]



HUGH J. GRANT, TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS.—[SEE PAGE 669.]



THE LATE COMMODORE FILLEBROWN.
FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY HATTON.—[SEE PAGE 669.]

FROM POST TO FINISH.*

A RACING ROMANCE.

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAWYERS MEET.

"MR. PEARSON wants to see me? Tell him I shall be disengaged in a few minutes, Tomlinson," said Mr. Writson, as he contemplated his brother practitioner's card in his own private sanctum in Parliament Street. "This must, of course, mean a move *in re* the estate of Alister Rockingham. Not likely Pearson is making any move on his own account; he knows that whatever pulls he had at the poor Squire's feathers they were much too carefully masked for us to lay any hold of; but with Mr. Elliston it is different; we have record of his indebtedness," and Mr. Writson touched the bell as a signal that he was ready to receive his visitor.

"Good-morning, Mr. Pearson," he said, courteously, as that gentleman entered the office. "I was sorry to see that the stable was somewhat out of luck at Goodwood."

Mr. Writson knew but little and cared less about turf matters, but there is neither man, woman, nor child in Yorkshire to whom "talking horse" is not as natural as breathing, and the fortunes of the Riddleton stable were always the subject of common conversation in the city.

"Yes," replied Pearson; "when your expectations of winning a good stake are upset just by a head, it's always disappointing. The calculation is shown right enough, but the element of luck incidental to racing has gone against you."

"Pray sit down. As you are aware, I am but a poor judge of such things."

"And yet," said Pearson, as he complied with his brother professional's request, "you are acting for an old client of mine who ruined himself at the game. The poor Squire was much too impulsive to do any good on a race-course."

"If he assisted other people to anything like the extent he assisted his cousin, it would not need the addition of a taste for the turf to account for his difficulties," replied Mr. Writson, dryly.

"Ah, yes. I have come round to speak to you on the part of Mr. Elliston," replied Pearson.

"I hope you are empowered to pay the money he is indebted to the late Squire, or, at all events, a considerable installment of it."

"You see, that is what it amounts to. It is only a debt."

"A debt for which I am instructed to press for payment. No one can know better than you how very little, after the creditors are satisfied, there will be left for the family. Such a sum as Mr. Elliston's unmet bills is far too considerable to be looked over."

Mr. Writson travelled a little without the record in this last speech, for so far he had received no instructions from Gerald, of whose whereabouts he was still in ignorance; but Pearson did not know that, although he thought it very probable that neither his solicitor nor his own people knew how Gerald was getting his living. Sam Pearson had been quite as anxious as his partner that the lad's connection with Riddleton should cease, but not quite from the same cause. In spite of a genial manner, Pearson would have never allowed his feelings to interfere with his interest, but he had compunctions about seeing the son of his old patron a servant in an establishment where the father had been emphatically master. With Elliston the case was different. He had always entertained a strong personal dislike to Gerald from a child; but for that boy he would have stood in the position of heir to Cranley, and on that dislike there was now grafted a superstitious feeling that Gerald represented his evil star. Thrice already, he considered, had "Jim Forrest" caused him to lose heavily, though there was nothing extraordinary in any one of the three races. In the Two Thousand a good but bad-tempered horse took it into his head to do his best, ridden by the lad he was accustomed to. In the Julys the best horse won, as it was no secret all connected with the stable confidently expected it would; while in the Stewards' Cup Riddleton was just beat by a known good horse from Newmarket—the *soi-disant* Jim Forrest merely proving himself a fine horseman, which he had shown before.

"You see," said Pearson, after a long pause, during which he was turning over in his mind the lowest possible sum he could in common decency offer in composition, "Mr. Elliston is rather unfortunately placed just now for ready money. If he had a good year last year, luck has run steadily against him this. It was a pity you did not apply to him before his Phaeton winnings had found their way back to the pockets of the Ring, whence they came."

"I should have thought he would have devoted some of them at all events to paying the son a portion of what he owed the father."

"Elliston, like a good many other people, has plenty of hungry creditors when he has money, and naturally pacifies those most likely to proceed to extremities. You should have made your application before this year's disasters."

"Nobody knows better than you," returned Mr. Writson, sharply, "that Gerald Rockingham only put his affairs into my hands this year—he has but recently found those bills. You, I dare say, knew of their existence."

"Whether I did or no has nothing to do with the question. You know you can't recover on them by law."

"Perhaps not. But I should think Mr. Elliston would not like to face the exposure consequent on our attempting to do so."

"Cuthbert Elliston would face a good deal sooner than pay a sum of money like that," returned Pearson, sententiously.

"You know very well his reputation at the present moment is by no means stainless—much too frail, I fancy, to stand a fresh scandal such as this would be."

"Pooh!" replied Pearson. "As long as you settle, they'd be tolerably indifferent at Tattersall's or Newmarket as to where or how you got the money. A man who always pays when he loses possesses a cardinal virtue that justifies the infraction of every law in the Decalogue."

"But Mr. Elliston, remember, has a wife and a social position to maintain, and what may be overlooked on the turf may not be disregarded by society. His late cousin was a very popular man, and I know that about here there is deep sympathy for his widow and children."

"From that point of view I grant you it might be worth my client's while to pay something. As for his paying the whole, it is no use talking about it—he couldn't if he would."

There was silence between the two men. Each was waiting for the other to make the next move. Mr. Writson broke it at last:

"What do you propose to do? You came here to make a proposition of some sort on Mr. Elliston's part, I presume?"

"Well, I suppose the thing really lies in a nutshell," said Pearson. "You can't expect Elliston to pay all, and know that you can't legally exact it. You have only one way out of it, and that is a composition. It's a mere question of what you'll take to cry quits."

"What has Mr. Elliston empowered you to offer?" inquired Mr. Writson.

"I am not precisely empowered to make you a definite offer," returned Pearson; "but from what my client said, I think he would go as far as a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds in lieu of the six thousand odd which he really owes to Gerald Rockingham! Mr. Elliston is not very liberal in his ideas of settling with his creditors—about three and sixpence in the pound can not be said to err in that direction. However, I must see what Mr. Gerald has to say to it."

A sudden thought flashed across Pearson. He looked his companion hard in the face, and then said:

"Are you quite sure that you know where Gerald Rockingham is? and what he is doing? I've a shrewd suspicion that neither you nor his family know where to communicate with him."

Mr. Writson had tolerable command of his features, but he was so taken aback by the guess of his quick-witted antagonist that he could not avoid betraying in his face the accuracy of it.

"Ha, I thought so!" exclaimed Pearson; "then let me tell you in the profession young Rockingham has embraced he is very likely to want a thousand pounds at any moment. There's a leaven of the old Squire in his composition, and I recollect hearing that he was 'blooded' over the Phaeton Leger."

"You surely can't mean that he has taken to racing? Why, you must be aware that he has no money for anything of that sort."

"There are many young gentlemen who don't seem to find that much of an obstacle in these days; but if Gerald Rockingham don't choose to tell you what he's doing, it's no affair of mine. You will doubtless know all in good time, but a thousand pounds may be useful in any profession; in fact, I never knew a man who didn't want a thousand pounds. However, there's no more to be said now. You can send round to me when you have heard what Gerald Rockingham says to our offer. Good-morning." And with that Mr. Pearson took his departure.

"Yes," muttered the wily lawyer, as he made his way to his own residence, "I think I may tell Elliston that he's not likely to be troubled for some little time. They would hardly move without young Rockingham's consent, and it's quite evident they don't know where he is, nor that he's blossomed into a celebrity. I can't help rather admiring the boy's pluck myself, and he *can* ride; but it will be rather a shock to his own people when they come to hear of it;" and Sam Pearson could not refrain from smiling as he thought of haughty Ellen Rockingham receiving the intelligence that her brother had turned jockey.

Mr. Writson remained wrapped in thought for some little time after his visitor had left him. If Sam Pearson knew where Gerald was, it was probable there were others in York who possessed the same information, and yet it was very strange that he should keep his mother and sister in ignorance of his whereabouts. What was this calling he had turned his hand to? And what object could he have in making a mystery of it? Young men, far from making any secret of their profession, are generally rather proud of having embarked on one. It is an unmistakable recognition of their manhood. Young, and with all its chances, whatever they may be, before them, it is but natural that they should be proud of the career which they have embraced. It is only later, when the prizes have been all missed, the chances all lost, and the profession of their adoption has turned out but a grudging stepmother to them, that they lose their love for it, that despondency comes over them, and they wish their line of life had been otherwise.

However, Mr. Writson reflected, if his client chose to keep his whereabouts a mystery, it was not for him to unravel it. He must surely see or hear from him ere long, and Cuthbert Elliston's offer was not a thing that pressed so much as two or three older matters. At all events, Mr. Writson reflected, he could proceed no further without Gerald's instructions. Even in arranging the sale of Cranley Chase, which the late Squire's liabilities rendered necessary, he was now much hampered by the absence of his principal. He had hoped, in the first instance, that the place at all events might have been saved, and that a heavy sacrifice of the outlying lands would have averted the sale of the house and park. But it was now evident that even if it were possible—which was very doubtful—to retain these, the income left would be totally inadequate to keep up such a place as Cranley. It might be painful, but it was undoubtedly the wisest thing for the family to part with their broad manors altogether. Another thing rather troubled Mr. Writson. Although not as yet advertised, it had been privately put about that Cranley Chase was likely to be in the market, and so far, somewhat to Mr. Writson's dismay, they had not even had a nibble. The wealthy plutocrat who had made his money in some of our great manufacturing industries, and desired, after the way of his class, to become a large landed proprietor, had not appeared. Mr. Writson was already pondering somewhat sadly on whether it would not be necessary to break the Rockingham property up and dispose of it in lots. Mr. Writson was solicitor to a large proportion of the country gentlemen round about York, and had much reverence for their stately homes. The lawyer was a stanch Conservative, and deplored the downfall of an old county family as an antiquarian might the destruction of Roman remains. He had never been Alister Rockingham's man of business, but was unfeignedly sorry for the obliteration of the family from the roll of landed gentry of the County of York, and the saving of that seemed hopeless.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I AM PERFECTLY SERIOUS."

MISS ROCKINGHAM, still much disturbed in her mind as to what had become of her brother, would have been no little astonished could she have looked into that sitting-room in Coney Street which was the scene of her skirmish with Dollie Greyson. That young lady was seated on the sofa, and in very close proximity to her was the missing Gerald.

"I am so pleased to see you again," said the girl. "And how well you have done, Gerald dear, during the short time you've been at it! Why, you're quite one of the cracks."

"Yes," he replied; "I get lots of riding now, and am already beginning to make money hand over hand. Getting a retainer from Sir Marmaduke in the first instance, and then Blackton's accident, were two rare turns for me. You saw, Dollie, I got all the first mounts from Pipes's stable, and, what's more, made no mess of them either."

"I should think not! Why, the papers all said that it was your riding got Pibroch home a winner in the Stewards' Cup."

"Yes; Sir Marmaduke and his friends were all very complimentary, and substantially so too, Dollie. That race was worth five hundred pounds to me. I have got money in the bank now, and hope to put by a good bit if I don't get too heavy. When did you leave Riddleton, and how did you leave them all?"

"I have been here about a week. They are all well, and take the greatest interest in your career. Joe Butters has a growing idea that he taught you to ride, and I heard father say to him the other day, 'He'd a rougher school-master than you, Joe; the Dancer, as they call him in the stable, made Jim Forrest.'"

"So he did. How is the queer-tempered brute, Dollie? He was backed for a deal of money for the Leger at Goodwood. I should like to be up on him at Doncaster, and see if he'd try with me once more."

"Ah, they won't let you ride for Riddleton again. Mr. Elliston and Mr. Pearson won't have it, and I don't think father quite wants you about the place, Gerald," replied the girl, shyly.

"But your father has no cause to be angry with me."

"No; but remember he does not know who you are, and dear father thinks I'm too good for any one almost. He watches your riding with great interest, and saw you win at Goodwood. He said when he came back, 'It was that Jim Forrest who was here bowled us over, and Mr. Elliston is a fool to bar his riding for Riddleton.'"

"Well, I shall go over and see him. We were very good friends when we met at Goodwood."

"Oh yes, he would be glad to see you, and mother too. It's different from what it was when you were with us. Now you're a swell, you know. But what are you going to do? You will go and see your mother and sister, I suppose?"

"Yes. Fancy Ellen coming to see you, as you told me in your letter! How did you get on?"

"Well, not particularly well. She wanted to patronize me, and I didn't like that; and then, Gerald, she derided the idea of there being anything serious between us, and I liked that still less."

"But how did she come to know anything about it? Did you tell her?"

"She saw your ring on my finger, and I don't quite know how it was led up to, but she guessed you gave it me, and quite lectured me for being fool enough to believe that a Rockingham could intend to do more than amuse himself with a girl like me."

"Ellen's too bad, by Jove!" said Gerald, starting to his feet and pacing the room in his annoyance. "She always was as proud as Lucifer, and now she ignores the fact that we are ruined. She secluded herself so latterly that she is quite ignorant of the way things are changing, and that the old families have to make way for the new. Upon my word I think she believes one can live on one's genealogy. However, she shall know that my intentions are serious enough, as far as you are concerned, before the day's over."

"What will your mother say to it?"

"She won't like it, I dare say, at first, more especially as she won't know that but for you I should be sore puzzled to even earn my daily bread. I don't know what else I could have turned my hand to; but I don't intend to tell her as yet what I am doing. When she knows, she'll have to admit that a jockey, even if he is a Rockingham, is very suitably mated with Dollie Greyson, and a lucky fellow to have won her to boot."

"I do hope she will let me love her, Gerald, and that we shall get on together."

"No doubt of that. Ellen is different. There will be more trouble to reconcile her to our marriage, but she will come round when she knows that I am Jim Forrest, the jockey."

"You know best, Gerald, but would it not be wise to tell them that at once? It is sure to come to their ears before long."

"No; and I'll tell you why. They both think there is a hope of saving Cranley—I mean just the house and so on; they know the bulk of the property must go, but hope that will be left to us. I can't tell for certain till I've seen Writson, but don't suppose there's a chance myself. However, the knowledge that Cranley is irretrievably gone will make them understand that we must accept a lower position in the world."

"It will be a terrible blow for them to know that the old house and lands have passed away from the Rockinghams," murmured the girl, softly; "but I fear, Gerald, they will be more hurt at the calling you have adopted. I am almost sorry now I suggested it to you."

"Nonsense, Dollie. I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't. I should probably by this have been earning a wretched salary as a clerk—work I should have hated. My present work is healthy, exciting, and well paid; indeed, I am rapidly making money, and I know nothing else at which I could have begun to do that so speedily. A big race taxes all one's resources of nerve, eye, head, and hand. It calls for resolution and ready decision, and the excitement of a close finish is thrilling. A popular actor obtains no prompter recognition than a popular jockey in his hour of triumph. The great thing is not to lose your head. It made my pulses tingle the other day to hear the roar of 'Pibroch wins!' 'Phaeton wins!' and know what a very fine point it was between us."

"Gerald, I must see you ride. I should so love to see you win a great race!"

"All in good time. I must say good-by to you now, darling, as I must have a talk with Writson, and then go and see my mother and Ellen; and next time you meet the latter she won't, at all events, tell you that my love-making all means nothing."

"But shall I see you again before you go?"

"Not unless I see you at Riddleton. I want to go over there and have a palaver with your father. I want to know how the Dancer is, and who's going to ride him for the Leger. He treats me very differently now, Dollie, and may tell me. How he would jump down a *stable-boy's* throat who presumed to ask him such a question! I backed him for a little money at Goodwood for 'auld lang syne.' Once more good-by; I must get back to Newmarket as soon as I have finished my business in Yorkshire." And having snatched a kiss from Dollie's unresisting lips, Gerald took his departure, and made his way to Mr. Writson's.

The lawyer was unfeignedly glad to see him, although he had no very pleasant intelligence to impart, but he wanted authority for what he proposed doing. He told his client point-blank that any attempt to save Cranley would be useless.

"It would be that most miserable of all things—an attempt to live in a big house, Mr. Rockingham, on a very small income. Better let it go, hard as it must be for you to part with it. You will, of course, improve the income by its sale, and be spared a painful struggle, for I am sure it would pain you if Cranley were not kept up as you have always seen it done."

"Yes, better it should go than that," replied Gerald. "The gardens neglected, and the stables well-nigh empty, would be sadder for us all than the loss of it. Besides, the first wrench is over. My mother *has* moved."

"There is one thing I fear you will be sorry to hear, that though it is an open secret that the place will be in the market shortly, I have had no inquiries about it, and we may possibly have to break up the estate into lots, and dispose of it that way."

"I don't know as that makes much difference," replied Gerald, sadly; "more publicity given that way, of course, but every one knows we are broke, so what does it matter?"

Mr. Writson was more sincerely sorry for his client than any gentleman of his profession has any business to be.

"I have one other thing," he said at last, "to take your instructions about, Mr. Rockingham," and then he told Gerald the story of the bills, and how there could be no doubt that Cuthbert Elliston had owed the late Squire over six thousand pounds at the time of his death, which was still, of course, due to the estate, and Mr. Writson proceeded to recount what steps he had taken to recover it, and in what wise they had been met.

Gerald's young face grew dark as he listened, and for some little time after the lawyer had finished he remained rapt in thought.

"Neither myself nor my mother ever liked or trusted Cuthbert Elliston. She always declared that he was a constant borrower and evil-adviser, and that my father would have been a much richer man if he'd never seen him. Me he hated from a child. I, of course, came between him and the property. My birth extinguished his chance of ever coming into Cranley. I am not at all disposed to let Elliston off that money if it is possible to make him pay it."

"If you leave it to me I think we shall, at all events, get some of it, and you almost owe it to your mother and sister to try."

"All right; do as you think best. And now, I think, there's nothing more."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1439.

"No. Just give me your address, Mr. Rockingham, in case I want to write to you."

"I can not do that as yet; but you will hear from me in a few weeks—perhaps see me again. Good-by."

Gerald strode mournfully toward his mother's lodgings in St. Leonard's Place. He was by no means dissatisfied with his own personal prospects. He had dropped all rubbish about its being below his dignity. He had to earn his own living, and make money to boot, if possible. That which came easiest to his purpose he had done, and was no whit ashamed of it. But he had now to break the fact not only that Cranley Chase was gone from them forever to his mother and sister, but that it was his fixed determination to marry Dollie Greyson, the trainer's daughter—two things that were likely to be bitter news in St. Leonard's Place.

His mother uttered a cry of delight as he entered the room. Not only, poor lady, was she honestly much pleased to see her son, but she further hoped that he was the herald of good tidings. She bore a brave front to the world and faced her altered fortunes with all the patient courage high-bred women usually display in such troubles, but there was under it all hope that enough might be saved from the wreck to enable her to end her days at Cranley.

"Well, mother, I've seen Mr. Writson this morning, and it is quite decided. I know you will feel it, but the old house must go. Even if we could keep it, we couldn't live in it; and wouldn't you rather it went from us altogether than merely went to rack and ruin in our hands?"

"You know best, Gerald. I should have dearly loved to finish my days where I have passed so many happy years; but if it must be so, it is useless my saying any more. If I grieve over it, you and Ellen, at least, shall not see it. But, my dear boy, why have we not heard from you for so long, and what are you doing?"

"Mother, you must rest content when I tell you that I am earning my own living honestly, and doing well. I am even putting by money, but I will not tell you how as yet."

"It was unkind to keep such good news to yourself," exclaimed Mrs. Rockingham. "I have been so anxious about you."

"I had urgent reasons for not writing"—he could not well dispatch letters from Riddleton—"but they are now in a great measure removed, and you will hear from me occasionally, as well as see me. Before long I shall be able to explain everything, and you will find I have done nothing I need be ashamed of. One thing more, mother dearest, I'm going to be married."

"Married, Gerald! At your age, and in your circumstances! It's madness!"

"Well, I ought not to have said that exactly, because I'm not going to be married just yet; but I am engaged to a Miss Greyson."

"Gerald! Gerald! Don't say that, for Heaven's sake!" exclaimed his sister. "She's the niece of the haberdasher in Coney Street, mother."

"Never mind who she is. She's a very pretty, good girl, and has been brought up a lady, as Ellen there can testify, and I'm pledged to make her my wife. I know, mother, you won't relish the idea at first, but it is not going to take place at present, and in the mean time I want you to know Dollie."

"Gerald, I am afraid," returned Mrs. Rockingham, "that you are meditating a very foolish thing. If we have lost our house and lands, remember we are still Rockinghams."

"Ah, mother dear, there's a new order of things rapidly approaching, and Rockinghams and other people of the same type will find they are of little account in the days that are coming, unless they command either money or brains."

"Do you mean to say, Gerald, birth and blood are to be of no consideration in future?"

"Birth and blood will count for little, my sister. What you can do will be held in higher reverence than how you were born, very shortly; indeed, I might say is already. And now, dearest mother, I must say good-by. My very brief holiday is over, and I must return again to my work, but you will hear from me before long."

"Oh, Gerald, this is a miserably short visit, and I had so much to say to you," murmured Mrs. Rockingham, as she embraced him tenderly.

"Work is work, mother, and must be seen to. There's no money to be made unless one sticks to it. Good-by, Ellen."

But the girl was too anxious to part with him in that fashion. She accompanied him downstairs.

"It is not betting that you're making your money at?" she said, in a nervous whisper, as she clung tightly to him at the door.

"No, no, darling. It is no chance work of that description. I legitimately earn what I make. Set your mind at rest on that point."

"And you don't really mean to marry Miss Greyson, do you, Gerald?"

"Most undoubtedly," he returned, brusquely. "I am perfectly serious. Good-by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRANK S. CHANFRAU.

Frank S. Chanfrau will be remembered as Mose, the fire-laddie of New York city in the days when the boys "ran with the machine." As long ago as 1848, in a piece entitled *A Glance at New York*, he created the part, and it made him famous throughout the United States, and enabled him to leave a fortune of $300,000. His first appearance was described at the time as follows: "He stood there in his shirt, with his fire-coat thrown over his arm. The stove-pipe hat, then known as a plug, was drawn down over one eye, his trousers were tucked into his boots, the stump of a cigar pointed up at an angle of forty-five degrees, his soap-locks were plastered flat on his temple, and his jaw protruded with a half-human expression of contemptuous ferocity. Not a hand, not a foot, moved to give him welcome until, taking the cigar stump from his mouth, and turning half-way round to give his inimitable spit, he exclaimed, 'I ain't a-goin' ter run wid dat merchine any more.' In a moment the audience rose, yelling with delight, for they recognized the familiar portraiture. The next night the theatre was jammed, and so it continued for several months." At various times he was Brother Sam, or Kit, the Arkansas Traveller; but it is as Mose that he will be longest remembered.

Mr. Chanfrau died of apoplexy in Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, at half past five o'clock, on the morning of the 2d of October, in his sixty-first year, after an illness of only a few hours. He was five feet ten inches high, compactly built, and with muscles as tough as those of a professional athlete. His domestic life was exceptionally happy; those who saw him at his home in Long Branch—about a mile and a half west of the beach, not far from Miss Mary Anderson's cottage, and just opposite Mr. William J. Henderson's—witnessed a picture of ideal loveliness. His family consisted of his wife, his sister, his wife's sister, and his two sons, Harry and Frank, the elder about twenty-four years old, the younger about fourteen, neither of whom did he wish to go on the stage. In fact, he set Harry up in business not long ago in Chicago in order to prevent him from adopting the paternal profession. He had a warm word for everybody, and was greatly beloved. He was a master of comic verisimilitude, and he added to the pleasure of hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures.

VAN CORTLANDT PARK.

Pelham Bay is the largest of the new parks laid out by the Commission whose work was ratified by the Legislature last winter, but Van Cortlandt Park is of the most varied interest, and has the advantage of being the most park-like. The first thought of whoever looks southward across it, and watches the gradual encroachment of the city upon the fields, must be a wish that it might be kept as it is, and simply secured from improvement.

This is virtually what the Commissioners propose. The park, as they have laid it down, comprises 1069 acres, against the 1700 of Pelham Bay and the 653 acres of Bronx Park. It includes almost the whole of the Van Cortlandt estate, leaving a strip west of Broadway, which is the western boundary of the park, and another strip across the Yonkers line, which is its northern boundary. This is not the Van Cortlandt manor, which, with its Dutch manor-house still standing, in which General Pierre Van Cortlandt died but a few weeks ago, is at the northern end of Westchester County. The Van Cortlandt estate, which is about to come into the possession of the city, was part of the great domain of Phillipseburgh, from which it was separated as part of the dowry of Eve Phillipse, who married Jacobus Van Cortlandt late in the seventeenth century. It was not until 1748, however, that the substantial mansion which is now the family dwelling was built—a square and massive house, of the type familiar to students of colonial architecture, of rough stone, with jambs and flat arches of red brick, though now overlaid with a wash of yellow plaster, and with a chimney-piece carved in wood with peculiar delicacy and elaboration even for the period to which it belongs, and of which it is a more remarkable specimen than the better-known mantel in the present City Hall of Yonkers. This mansion, standing in a pretty lawn approached by an avenue of locusts, is within two or three minutes walk of the Van Cortlandt Station on the New York and Northern Railroad, and at the bottom of the valley which comprises the old estate and the new park. Just below it is a lazy mill-stream, an affluent of the estuary which we call Spuyten Duyvil "Creek," which widens out just opposite the house into a mill-pond, by which stands a wooden mill that antedates the independence of the United States. The house was in the most debatable part of the neutral ground during the Revolution, and served upon at least two occasions as the head-quarters of Washington, and very possibly also as the head-quarters of Sir Henry Clinton, being just beyond the British lines, and the owner, like nearly all the "swells" of Westchester, taking the King's side in the conflict.

Private ownership can not be expected to preserve this interesting domain much longer from division into sites for suburban villas. That it has been preserved so long is due to the fact that the railroad, an extension of the west-side elevated, by which it is most readily accessible, is only three or four years old. Such a "haunt of ancient peace," with primeval timber, and the character of a purely agricultural occupation, within an hour of the Battery, is a surprise to the stranger with an eye for the picturesque, who is very possibly more thankful than the owner that the main tracks of travel diverge below the happy valley so as to leave it in its primitive seclusion. The seclusion is so primitive, indeed, that wild-ducks still breed and are annually shot in the sedges of Van Cortlandt Pond. It is related that this circumstance, together with the survival in the woods at the top of Vault Hill of one venerable dog-fox, gave a recent proprietor an occasion for an indignant rebuke of the assessors, who had taxed his farm upon its speculative value, for putting such an appraisal upon land which was "the haunt of foxes and wild-fowl."

The valley which the estate comprises runs north and south, and is formed by hills steep enough to be picturesque without being precipitous, and still in great part clothed with woods. The meadow at the bottom to the westward of the stream is almost accurately level. When an orchard is removed, it will form, with scarcely any necessity for further grading, a natural plain of some one hundred and twenty acres, which will be available not only for military evolutions, but for such athletic sports as are now necessarily excluded from Central Park, while on the eastern side of the stream, and some distance up the slope, space will accrue for a rifle range of over 1100 yards in length, needing only an embankment at the north end to be perfectly protected.

The slope of Vault Hill, so called from the family burying-ground at the north of this bottom-land, is a natural point of view for the movements upon the plain below, and will accommodate more spectators than are likely ever to bring it into requisition. From the crest of this same hill almost the whole expanse of the park is commanded, and there is a wide outlook far beyond its limits. Just below is the smiling valley and the old orchard and the old mansion and the lazy stream. Westward through a dip in the hills that border the Hudson there is a glimpse of the Palisades down almost to the surface of the great river. Southward is the shining expanse of the Harlem in a narrowing vista closed by the gray arches of High Bridge, to the right of which the horizon is broken by the faint blue masses that mark the multitudinous roofs of Manhattan.

As we have said, this is already a park. A regard for economy and a sense of beauty go together in the hope that it may be kept as it is, and, above all things, preserved from sophistication. The leafy lanes which now traverse it are pleasanter modes of transit than stretches of asphalt with monumental lamp-posts. It is luckily likely to be long after the land is acquired before the municipality will feel warranted in adding these advantages. All that is immediately proposed is the connection of Van Cortlandt Park with Bronx Park and the rest of the system by means of a great parkway extending from its southern side toward Fordham. To estimate the importance of the proposed additions to our park area, it is necessary for the reader only to recall that Van Cortlandt Park, the second in size of the three principal parks proposed, contains two hundred acres more than the whole area of Central Park.

THE LATE MISS CARPENTER.

On page 667 we give the portrait of Miss Carpenter, the Brooklyn lady who was missed from her home, No. 72 Hancock Street, on the 24th of September. The only clew to her disappearance that afforded any hope to her family was one that led to the supposition that she might have sailed for Europe in the *Bothnia* the morning she left her home. A few days after her disappearance Mr. Carpenter received a letter signed "An Englishman," in which the writer related that on the morning of September 24, just as the *Bothnia* was about to leave her pier, a lady who answered the published descriptions of Miss Carpenter rushed up the gang-plank evidently in great perturbation, and went on board, attracting much attention by her eccentric actions and the fact that she was alone. A dispatch from Europe confirms this statement. Miss Carpenter sailed on the *Bothnia*, and on the second day out was missed from the ship. It is supposed that she drowned herself in a moment of temporary insanity.

COMMODORE FILLEBROWN.

The respect and love of all who knew him will long linger around the memory of Commodore Thomas Scott Fillebrown, who died suddenly in the early morning of Saturday, September 27, at his residence in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, of which he was commandant. "Everybody liked him here, from highest to lowest," was one expression in the yard which voiced a universal sentiment.

Born in the District of Columbia sixty years ago, he had been more than twoscore years an officer of the navy, having been appointed to it from Maine October 19, 1841. After serving as midshipman in the Mediterranean and home squadrons, the outbreak of the Mexican war gave him a new experience, as he took part in the naval operations carried on in the Gulf. Not until nearly fourteen years after his entrance into the service did he receive his commission as Lieutenant, having meanwhile performed both sea and shore duty, the former including the cruise of the *Vincennes* in the North Pacific expedition and the command of the *Anacostia*. The civil war brought more rapid promotion, and he was made Lieutenant-Commander in 1862, and Commander in 1866. In the former capacity he had charge of the gun-boat *Chenango* when by the explosion of her boiler in New York Harbor four officers and thirty men perished. During the year 1864 he commanded the iron-clad *Passaic* in the attacks upon Fort Sumter, and the iron-clad *Montauk* in operations against the enemy's works on Stono River. As commander of the *Sonoma* he engaged the batteries in Tagoda River early in the following year.

After the war he commanded successively the *Narragansett*, *Shenandoah*, and *Powhatan*, and also served at times in the Hydrographic Office and as chief of the Bureau of Equipment, as executive officer of the Norfolk yard, as officer in charge of the "rebellion records" of the navy, and so on. He was made Captain in 1874, and Commodore in 1883. While the fortune of war had brought to some others opportunities for distinction resulting in a larger measure of popular fame, Commodore Fillebrown's comprehensive experience of multifarious duties made him a valuable officer, and his active career, which would have been followed by transfer to the retired list as Rear-Admiral a little less than two years hence, had he lived so long, was useful and honorable.

Commodore Fillebrown had been afflicted for some time with a rheumatic affection of the heart, but the day and the evening before his death he had been so remarkably well that an attack of this disease at eleven o'clock at night was most unexpected. Three hours later he was no more. To his widow and his two sons the universal tribute of esteem paid to him must be a source of comfort at this sudden termination of the career of a true sailor and gentleman.

THE TAMMANY CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

Mr. Hugh J. Grant, who has received the Tammany Hall nomination for Mayor, was born of Irish parents in this city. He is young—only thirty-one; rich—his father made a fortune in real estate, which the son has increased; and a graduate of St. Francis Xavier College and the Columbia College Law School. On graduating, young Grant accepted the position of managing clerk in the law office of D. M. Porter and ex-Recorder Smith, where he remained for several years. He afterward opened a law office of his own, and was doing a good business when his father died, in 1880. He then took charge of his father's real-estate business, and is still to be found at the old office. In 1882 he was elected Alderman of the Nineteenth District, and last year was re-elected. While in the board he was brought prominently into notice by his opposition to the Broadway railroad steal.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND IN BUFFALO.

In spite of the pouring rain which deluged the streets of Buffalo from morning till late at night, the reception of Governor Cleveland in that city on the 2d inst. was a grand popular success. No demonstration of equal magnitude and enthusiasm was ever before witnessed in Buffalo. From the moment of alighting from the train until he bade the cheering throng good-night at his hotel, he was greeted with constant tributes of popular esteem and honor. The city blazed with illuminations and fire-works, and the crowded streets presented an aspect of general festivity and rejoicing.

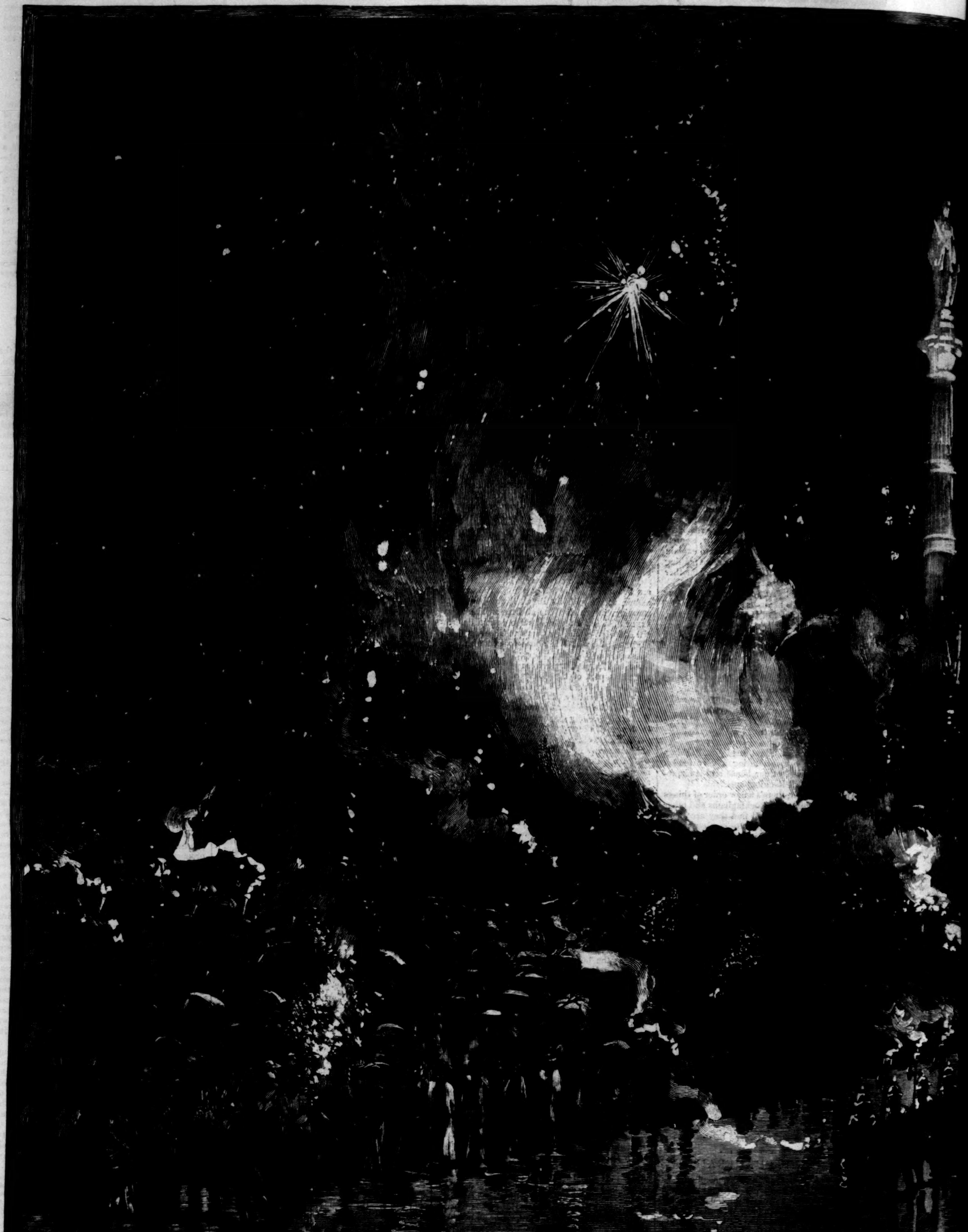
The Governor and his party left Albany about half past one in the afternoon in a special train for Buffalo, and all along the route was greeted by enthusiastic crowds wherever the train stopped. He reached Buffalo a few minutes after eight o'clock; and as soon as the party had entered the carriages at the station, the procession, which was waiting on the streets near by, formed in line. The rain now came down harder than at any previous hour through the day, and hundreds of men who had intended to march in the line withdrew, declaring that they could not stand the deluge. The procession was thus much reduced, but the greater number, moved by an earnest determination to show their devotion to Governor Cleveland, pluckily took their places. "We ought not to shrink," said Chairman Scheu, of the County Committee. "Four years ago, at our biggest demonstration, Governor Cleveland marched over the whole line carrying a torch, and it rained as hard as it does to-night."

All the principal streets of the city were decorated with flags, transparencies, and pictures of the Governor. Chinese lanterns were burning all over the front of many buildings and upon ropes stretched from one building to another across the streets. Colored fire burned on the tops of many business blocks. The Governor's carriage was drawn by eight white horses. When it appeared on Main Street, that thoroughfare seemed to be ablaze with fire-works. Cheer after cheer went up as he passed along through the thronging multitude. The scene was such as had never been witnessed before in Buffalo. As the procession marched up the street, its magnificent proportions became apparent. Well to the front came the Buffalo Legion, the finest body of men formed into a political club in that city in years. Following them came various political organizations of Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Batavia, Jamestown, and almost every other city and town in western New York. Many of them carried torches, and nearly every club carried a transparency. The mottoes were various, but the majority referred in some way to the admitted honesty of Governor Cleveland and the bad reputation of Mr. Blaine. The route chosen for the procession was about four miles long, going up Main Street, around several blocks, and back to the Genesee House. When Governor Cleveland had been over the route the procession had little more than half passed. The procession was fully two hours passing a given point, and must have included at least 18,000 men.

When the Governor's carriage was driven up to his hotel, he was again greeted with loud and prolonged cheering, and his appearance on the balcony, when the procession had fully passed, was again the signal for a tremendous burst of applause. Mr. Henry Martin, President of the Manufacturers' and Traders' Bank, delivered an appropriate and telling address of welcome, to which Governor Cleveland made a brief and felicitous response, thanking the people of Buffalo for their demonstration of esteem and confidence. In conclusion he said:

> "Because I love my State and her people I can not refrain from reminding you that she should be in the van of every movement which promises a safer and better administration of the general government, so closely related to her prosperity and greatness. And let me leave you with the thought that your safety lies in impressing upon the endeavor of those intrusted with the guardianship of your rights and interests a pure, patriotic, and exacting popular sentiment. The character of the government can hardly rise higher than the source from which it springs, and the integrity and faithfulness of public servants are not apt to be greater than the public demand."

The counter-march of the procession began at midnight, and for two hours the Governor remained on the balcony watching the parade. Thus ended the largest and most significant political demonstration ever witnessed in Buffalo.



THE GRAND POPULAR RECEPTION OF GOVERNOR CLEVELAND IN BUFFALO—THE PROCESSI

PASSING THROUGH MAIN STREET.—Drawn by Charles Graham and W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 669.]

LOVE AND MIRAGE;*

OR,

THE WAITING ON AN ISLAND.

AN OUT-OF-DOOR ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MIRAGE.

Arthur gazed with the rest. Meantime, at a signal from the captain, the helmsman's hand paused on the wheel, the ship's pace was slackened. For a brief space she all but stood still. They were now far away from the shore, and to all appearances, although it was not so, in the open sea. The coast in view on one side was dim and shadowy; on the other, a mere line hardly deeper in color than the waves. Not a flashing sheer, not a glistening sail, anywhere to be seen. The little craft was a solitary thing between sleepy summer seas and warm amber sky.

All at once that sweet strange monotony vanished, and over against the steamer and the island, the heavens showed miraculous transformation. It was as if the vast span of golden cloudland were suddenly withdrawn, unveiling a fair city built on a stately hill. In the midst rose a church of the olden time, whilst round about were clustered dwellings such as men use now, with many a garden sloping toward the sun. A pleasant place it seemed, and joyous too with a certain majesty imparted by its rare site and ancient walls, giving it the appearance of a citadel built to dominate the sea. For where the velvety swards flung about it as a mantle ended, the sea began, whilst running back from the marge were sunny, billowy corn lands, and a broad shining road that curled about the hills. It was not only the exquisite outline of this aerial landscape that made it unforgetable, stamping the picture on the mind of the beholder as is stamped the first view of Athens from the harbor, or Venice from the Adriatic; just such a majestic little city and gracious environment we may see any day in Greece, Italy, and, for the matter of that, France; but where find such rainbow pencillings, such unimagined yet subdued glories of color? This ancient minster, with its mediæval dwellings, fair open gardens, and vast champaign, was painted on the heavens in hues unfamiliar to human eyes. Not only each dye was purer, more ethereal, yet deeper than those known to us by the same name, but here were to be seen colors and gradations absolutely undreamed of, the whole scene bathed in gemmy light. The ruddy glow of the sard, the brilliance of the beryl, the bright rays of the chrysolite, the deep-hued jacinth, were here, and all the loveliest dyes we meet in shells, flowers, feathers of birds, and all other radiant things. But although the colors we know of and many more strange to mortal ken were thus brought together in dazzling juxtaposition, the blending was so complete, the harmony so perfect, that none need fear to gaze. The warm jewelled radiance, moreover, was subdued to a certain paleness and apparent evanescence, so that to the spectator every second was precious. The spectacle was as real as it could be whilst it lasted, but it could not last long. A transparence and airiness, a suggestion of unreality not to be defined, went far to tone down what would otherwise have been an almost unbearable intensity of light and color. The picture was rendered all the clearer and more impressive by the soft golden radiance of the sky, on this delicious background the city and its surroundings being pencilled in lines of pure silver. All eyes were riveted on this scene, when suddenly they discerned a feature of it hitherto missed. So exquisite and complete the first impression, so magically had the phantasmagoria broken upon the beholders, that no one had as yet been collected enough to make out any details. Now, however, when the first transport had passed away and they could gaze calmly, they were aware of a thing—of dream within dream, vision within vision, marvel capping marvel. This fair city that had arisen from the clouds was no abode of long-buried dead, no place under a spell of perpetual dreams and drowsi-head. Life was here and pageantry at the first glance, as it seemed of joyful kind.

What had just now worn the semblance of a mere blotch of sunlight on the picture, a whiteness and silveriness as of a garden of lilies, when closely regarded showed symmetry and coherence.

No accidental brightness was this, but a stately procession, that had wound from the interior of the island toward the cathedral and in the fair open space just below now made solemn pause. Surely some bridals were about to be celebrated in the minster on the hill; if not, what could mean the long train of maidens dressed in white, headed by priest and acolyte, also snowy vestured and with solemn gait? So long was the procession that as it halted it made a ribbon-like brightness athwart the hill, reaching from the level ground to the very church doors.

But on a closer scrutiny it was clear that no cheerful pageantry was this, and if indeed the air was ringing with music, it was rather a dirge than a wedding march. These white-robed girls and children bearing garlands had their heads bowed as if in grief, and on the hill-top toward which they were wending, close under the church porch, rested what looked like a flower-crowned bier.

It was, then, some maiden the fisher-folk were bearing to the grave. The fair pageant painted on the sky meant no joyous bridals, but a solemn preparation for the tomb. The procession halted, and was it fancy, or might it indeed be? Over the glassy waters, borne through the still air, were now wafted strains of music, sweet voices of youths and maidens chanting psalm or evangely to the accompaniment of rustic plaintive instruments. Most sweet and insinuating was this stream of melody as it came from afar, soft flute-like utterances, and the piercingly tender psaltery alternating with the deep rich notes of the solemn trombone.

Now the music swelled into a grand volume of sound, and now it died away on the ear. Now it was a passionate outpouring of grief, and now a sigh of resignation. Prayer breathed in these homely yet moving symphonies, and hope, pity, and mysterious questioning of destiny with pious leaning on the Divine Will. It was as if an angelic choir were poised on this golden stair between earth and heaven interceding with divine pity on behalf of mortals gone astray. No cithara or citole touched by seraphic hands could be sweeter than the music of these rustic pipes, attuned to the clear treble of boys and girls. And all the while the song they sang yet seemed for comfort. An intense, unspeakable pathos thrilled through every note. Some uncommon sorrow, some out-of-the-way grief, evidently prompted this ineffable song, so unearthly sweet, so interpenetrated with tenderness and pity and love.

Did every soul on board receive this mysterious music? Or was it an impression, a delusion, that only touched the ear through the fancy of one or two? None cared just now to question his neighbor, or peradventure would ever care. But the mirage of which every soul present had heard of his forefathers was there. One and all stood transfixed with delight and astonishment, but most of all Arthur Venning. As he gazed and gazed he asked himself the meaning of it; where had he before seen the real semblance of this city in the clouds? The entire scene—he could not doubt it—was quite familiar to him. He had seen more than once, and with waking eyes, this self-same ancient church crowning the pleasant hills. The little scattered city, with its hanging gardens and the fair open country round about, he seemed to know equally well. That road, winding ribbon-like upward, he had certainly climbed more than once. Not a feature of the scene was new to him. He gazed and gazed, and by degrees the truth dawned. The cloud picture was but an image, or eidolon, of the little capital of the island, now hidden from sight, but not far away. He recalled his journey thither—the first made alone, the second with Harvey—and could now discover in these aerial reflections an exact counterpart of what he had seen then, only instead of massive piles and solid masonry, sunny lawns and waving corn fields, he now saw their image painted in radiant hues on a pale golden sky. He well remembered, on the occasion of that second journey made with Harvey, how he had been struck by the dream-like loneliness of the scene; he had even compared the island citadel to some Eastern city, with crystal dome surmounting an amethystine pyramid. Yet he had not exaggerated, and seeing the same picture now, not in reality, but through the medium of aerial portraiture, he felt that his companion did not overshoot the mark. Exquisite had been the reality, exquisite the image, and neither the one nor the other was to be adequately described, much less portrayed. Far too delicate and airy in the one as in the other, the subtle gradations of color, the radiant pencillings of outline, ever to be caught by painter, whatever a poet might do with such a subject. As he thought of the phenomenon, the more and more did he feel able to explain it. Some village maiden was being buried that day under the shadow of the Dom, and the peasant girls from far and near had accompanied the bier to its resting-place. Long and tedious the journey from hamlet buried in the forest to the capital on the hill, and welcome the halt midway between plain and church.

Priest and acolyte, white-robed mourners and flower-crowned bier, were all imaged in the wondrously transparent atmosphere with their environment. Nor when his mind dwelt on the music, the almost superhuman pathos of it, and the bell-like distinctness of every sound, did he find this phenomenon inexplicable. Abnormal conditions of the atmosphere would as readily account for one marvel as another, and both were not unheard of in this little fabled land—land of marvels now as of yore.

Least of all sadness or any foreshadowing of evil entered Arthur Venning's mind. Even among these hardy island folks maidens must die—more's the pity.

"Maidens must die," mused Arthur for a moment; but when the cloud pageantry was lost sight of, he turned to his own affairs with thoughts elastic and heart elate.

A few hours more and he would be with Eva. A short day or two, and the old life of the world should have ended for him, and the new life of love and single-mindedness begin.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ALSO MUST DIE."

"**Mr. Arthur Venning** here too? Now we shall know all."

The harbor had been reached long ago, and Arthur was now almost at his journey's end. He had found a carriage at the landing-place, but quitted it on the outskirt of the forest, taking a little path that led straight to the chalet. He was in the highest spirits, although not free from a certain feeling of trepidation to which all of us are liable when returning to a place lately left under happy auspices. He was thus accosted by a voice that did not sound wholly unfamiliar to him, as with airy port he wound his way through the beechen groves. Looking up, he saw a pedestrian wearing the usual garb of a German tourist, Tyrolese hat, short gray tunic with green collar, buttoned round the waist like a school-boy's, and the invariable plaid swung across the shoulders. This wanderer, however, wore something that formed no part of the ordinary travelling gear of the Teutonic professor. Round his right arm was bound a broad band of crape, evidently put on but just now, and where the ends met was a white flower tied by white ribbon. The crape band, the white flower, and something quite unusual in the speaker's face arrested Arthur's attention. In a moment he had recognized the frank, pleasant, manly face of the speaker. It was no other than the naturalist, the Carl Fleming whom Elizabeth and Flora Flower had introduced to him on the very first day he visited the woods in company of the sisters. Arthur well remembered his sudden appearance, and the hint thrown out by him then that perhaps he might return to the island from Iceland in time to find them all there.

But what mystery had Carl Fleming to learn of Arthur Venning? Why this startling gravity of manner, this look of shock and sorrow? The two men greeted each other bare-headed after ceremonious German fashion, and Arthur found himself, he knew not why, monosyllabic and ill at ease. He wanted to find no acquaintances here just now, least of all the old friend of Elizabeth and Flora.

The young professor, whilst he seemed anxious to unburden himself of some unwelcome piece of news or some weight on his mind, was friendly and unconstrained.

"Strange," he said. "Do you remember what occurred on this very spot to a day two months ago? We were all here, you, your brother, myself, and the two sisters Flower, when I inadvertently asked Elizabeth after their elder sister, the beautiful Stella, as we used to call her. You may not have observed the embarrassment and dejection of the two girls, Elizabeth's downcast eyes, Flora's tears. They let me suppose she was dead; but it was not so. Eva still lived, was on this very island."

Arthur felt his attention painfully riveted. A glimmer of the truth dawned upon his mind, but of no tragedy as yet. Eva, his Eva, Elizabeth's sister? It could not be.

The other looked at him with sympathetic understanding. The two German sisters and the two English brothers had become friends, Carl Fleming knew. Any sorrow touching Elizabeth and Flora Flower, Arthur as well as Harvey Venning could but feel keenly.

"Then Eva still lived," Fleming went on, emphasizing the first word, "and but for my accidental landing here two days ago, her sisters might ever have remained in ignorance of her sad fate."

He pointed sadly and significantly to the crape badge on his right arm, and added, "We have buried the beautiful Eva this very day—there is no church here—under the Dom on the hill."

The horrible conviction was already clutching Arthur's throat, ready as some murderous foe to do its worst. But for one desperate moment he held it at bay, wrenching from that hateful grasp the joy of an hour ago. He realized that his future was no longer in jeopardy, but forfeited forever. Yet as those struggling for dear life against deadly odds hope whilst breath remains, so for a passing interval Arthur Venning fought against despair. It could not be. Some cruel freak, some chance coincidence, was this. Were there not many Evas in the world, and perchance one other worthy to be compared to his own?

He tried to put a decisive question, but words failed him. Uncertainty was growing more hideous than the truth, yet he remained dumb. And all this time his companion was setting down this silence and outward impassibility to British phlegm. These cold English! thought the demonstrative, somewhat sentimental, but really warm-hearted German professor. Will nothing move them?

He continued his narrative all the same. "I reached the chalet on my way back to the Continent three days ago to learn that an awful catastrophe had just happened. A lady staying here on her way to England, whither she was going as teacher, she said, had been found drowned in the Dead Lake. What was my sorrow to discover in the dead girl Elizabeth's elder sister, the beautiful, the gifted Eva!"

Arthur sank on to a moss-covered stone with loosened limbs and ashy cheek. But he would yet be master of himself. He threw his knapsack on the ground, the precious knapsack containing the bridal gift destined for Eva, and having with him a tiny flask of cordial, put it to his lips. The draught enabled him to hear the rest with some show of composure.

"This shocks you inexpressibly, I see," said the other, at last convinced that however little Arthur might betray his feelings, he did really grieve for the awful calamity that had befallen Elizabeth and Flora.

"It will be long before I forget my own horror and dismay when I recognized her," he went on. "I telegraphed at once to the sisters, who I learned from the visitors' list had gone to a little sea-side resort on the opposite coast, and they got here just in time."

"Elizabeth here?" at last Arthur got out.

"She arrived with her sister last night, and much she wants to see you. She thinks perhaps you can throw some light on this mystery, as the people at the chalet say that you were often seen talking together. Maybe you know, as I know now, something of poor Eva's story. Never breathe my suspicion to her sisters, or your own if you see things in the same light, but my notion is that the proud, unhappy girl came by no accident to her untimely end. She could no longer contend with the world's scorn. Oh!" groaned the young man, honestly giving way to an emotion no Englishman would have shown before strangers, "could you have seen Eva Flower as I saw her five years ago, you would weep like me over her unhappy fate. What have we not buried with Eva? She was a star that shone upon the dull, common world."

He wiped away his tears, and pointed to a scenery opening in the forest.

"In yonder glade you and I met just eight weeks ago. Do you remember how full I was of Eva when we two were left alone? I spoke to you of her beauty, and quoted our great poet's matchless threnody. 'The beautiful also must die!' I lamented Eva's supposed death then. How much sadder to see her dead, and to learn how she died!"

He covered his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out a dread picture, and groaned. "Eva, the same Eva, yet Eva's self no longer. Why did the great Homer call our mortal covering, lifeless clay, the man, and regard the spirit as mere shadow and nothingness? The marble brow, the unspeaking eyes, the lips frozen into everlasting silence—merciful heavens! must all that was Eva end in these? But I will go," he added, starting up. "We shall both be best alone. I am bound to the village, and you, of course, are returning to the chalet. Elizabeth much wants to see you. She thinks you may be able to throw light on this terrible mystery. Little Flora"—here he looked significantly at Arthur, and smiled—"Flora, who wore short frocks and pinafores when I last saw her, has evidently the best possible comforter. Adieu, then, or rather till we meet again."

He waved his hand, and hastened downward through the forest. Arthur, not feeling secure against intruders in the beaten track he was following, sought a covert where he might confront his sorrow undisturbed and alone.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ALONE.

He sat down in a quiet place that mellow September afternoon, and for a while delusive calm held him captive. The blow had fallen, but the torture of the wound was yet to make itself felt. Arthur Venning was in that state of mind when a transient aloofness from misery, almost amounting to torpor, made actualities harmless. The words he had just heard were still ringing in his ears without meaning.

This sweet solitary island yet belonged to him and to his bride. In the tragedy just now revealed to him he bore no part. The dirge and the white-robed weepers, the procession and the flower-crowned bier, would henceforth belong to dreams.

This maiden Carl Fleming wept for, buried to-day in the quiet grave-yard above the sea, could not be the Eva he loved, nor could his Eva be Elizabeth's sister. He had but yielded to the panic of a moment, and seen in the strangest coincidence fateful, unimagined woe for himself. What deep, death-like calm brooded over the forest! Autumn had mellowed the air, but not yet touched the rich foliage; all the glory of summer remained, tempered down to a sober melancholy. On such a day as this, an unusual stillness following the tremendous storm, the least sound might be heard; but sounds there were none. The busy humming insect life was over for this year. Not a bird was astir amid the branches, nor little four-footed thing among the fern leaves. And no sign of human life penetrated these solitudes just now. In the summer there would be a chance pedestrian making his way through the forest, or a woodman at work among the distant reaches, or a party of tourists merrily traversing the island on foot. Now all this was over. The vast beech wood seemed a cool green tomb.

In a dreamy condition almost amounting to trance, or at least hallucination, Arthur Venning let an hour glide by. The mellowness deepened, the twilight shadows were stealing on, but as yet the nook in which he had hidden himself was a golden place. Night and sorrow seemed as yet far off. It was perhaps the sweetness of the hour as much as the deliciousness of the scene that lulled him into momentary, illusive peace. It seemed to Arthur Venning as if he now beheld this fairy world for the first time. He had visited these sylvan haunts again and again, but somehow they never wore this insinuating look of grace, nobility, and loveliness. It was autumn that worked the change—autumn, the enchanter that steals upon the forest unawares, leaving nothing quite as before, imparting a softness and suavity wanting in summer-time, a tender repose and melancholy too that wraps the spirit as sweet slumber wrought by fabled apogem. The truth is, these ancient beechen forests should be frequented, as we frequent our friends, in all seasons and all moods. It was impossible that Arthur Venning should have beheld these same scenes, because he now looked upon them with wholly different eyes. Life counts not by months nor by years, but by deeds and emotions, and to some the awakening of love is as the first consciousness of a soul.

On a sudden he became aware of the gloaming, and took out his watch to look at the time. That little natural action aroused him from his stupor and recalled him to himself. The awful thought made him its own. The march of time did not now matter. There was nothing for him to go back to. In this sweet serene world Eva was not—Eva was dead.

He faced his misery with the dogged resolve that no living soul should ever unveil it. He would keep his secret even from Elizabeth's tender scrutiny; she should find in him a sympathizing friend, never her sister's lover. For one day at least he could surely control himself. Time enough to weep for Eva after, when he should be alone.

Then he put together the scattered links of Eva's narrative as given by herself, by Elizabeth, and Carl Fleming.

How more than blind he had been not to discover at once that the story Elizabeth had told him was Eva's!—the desertion, the dishonor, the craving for requital, even revenge. It was not the sweet, impetuous, frank Elizabeth who had been wronged; she was telling all along her sister's story, burning with generous impulse to avenge her sister's wrongs. How well he remembered the stray hints she had let fall during their first walk in the forest! With what girlish *naïveté* she had mooted the question of duelling, of a brother's championship, of baseness in high places! And when alone on the monticule under the lighthouse, and she had spoken of wasted hopes and affections, of worldly ruin and a blotted family escutcheon, she was thinking not of herself, but Eva.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1440.

Amid these crowding thoughts one problem forced itself on his mind. If Elizabeth had never alluded to herself during these long confabulations, she was then heart-free, perhaps caring for him all the time.

Certainly his conduct would not look blameless in Elizabeth's eyes, whether he concealed his true relation to Eva or no.

He had indeed asked the younger sister to be his wife, and done his utmost to extract a promise from her; and when she refused him, on conscientious grounds, as she said, he straightway abandoned her altogether. Yet it was hardly his own fault that he had wronged Elizabeth past forgiveness. Another agonized thought.

If indeed Carl Fleming's surmises were true, what had led Eva to the desperate deed? Was she actuated by the playful revelation he had made concerning Elizabeth, their summer flirtation, their liking for each other. Did the elder sister, seeing the younger's happiness in jeopardy, sacrifice herself for her sake? He recalled every circumstance of that last interview, the calm, strange way in which she had taken leave of him. Oh! why had she not thrown herself into his arms and told him all? Why had he not divined the truth? Then all might yet have been well.

If not for Elizabeth's sake, was it for his the dark deed was done? Did she at the last dread lest his constancy might not bear the proof to which it would inevitably be put? Did she think to save him from shipwreck too? Or Eva had suffered too much to bear joy again, and that conviction was the saddest to bear. Her mind had been unstrung, first by a horrible crisis, then by a series of anxious hopes and illusions, painfully dispelled one after another. The very brightness of her humor during the week's halt at the chalet was fitful. He could not believe it then, but now realized that passing fits of intense melancholy alternated with the brilliant sparkling moods that made her an incomparable companion, and if it were so when he was by, what might she not have suffered from despondency during his absence?

She might, in deed and in truth, mistrust the future and refuse to believe in happiness any more after such an experience as hers. And even on himself she could perhaps hardly bring herself to rely. Arthur Venning loved her, and was ready to make her his wife, but would he not quail like other men before the world's scorn?

It is in human nature to blame ourselves when bowed down by grief and sudden calamity, and Arthur now reproached himself for having quitted Eva at all, and for not having divined the reason of her searching look when she bade him farewell—for a thousand things.

It seemed to him as he lingered in these dreary woods alone that a golden gift of fortune had dropped into his hand and he had let it fall. But self-reproach was useless. What he had to do was to summon up courage and meet Elizabeth. And Flora he must also encounter, and Harvey too. He would have given worlds to possess the island and his grief to himself just then, but that should be when the others were once more away.

On a sudden the forest became inexpressibly sombre and almost eerie in its deep, unbroken silence and monotony. He rose with haggard face and dry eyes, and plunged into a side path, then drew back, horror-stricken. It would lead him by the Black Lake.

There was another less direct way, and he now entered it. The gloom and solitude of the twilight appalled him. He thought of Eva, and quickened his steps in order to get out of this dread place as soon as possible. By little and little all the horror of her fate was forcing itself upon his mind. He might be thousands of miles away, but one picture would never be got rid of. At unexpected times and in remote scenes a vision was sure to rise up, darkening his spirit and casting a pall over the cheerful sun-lit world.

The vision was there now. As he threaded the dark beechen groves it flitted by; no shadowy thing of dreams, as it seemed to his morbid fancy, but the living awesome reality. In this forest gloaming he was no longer alone. Something sadder even than himself was there. He looked up, wondering if indeed what the island folk said and believed in was true, and that the precincts of the Black Lake were haunted by ghostly shapes, or if the news of an hour ago had turned him crazy. There, flitting though gloomy vistas in the direction of the inauspicious spot, was a black-draped figure—Eva's self. With head bowed down and furtive, timid movements, as if anxious for the night to cover her, the figure glided on, Arther watching it with frozen blood and heart that stood still. It seemed to waver in indecision, and in the gathering gloom he discerned a gesture of despair, or perhaps of intercession. The head was for a moment thrown back, the arms upraised in the attitude of a suppliant; then once more, and with hastening steps, the apparition flitted toward the dark lake in the forest's heart close by.

Now Arthur Venning had not a grain of superstition in his nature. He knew well enough that the eerie stories told by the islanders concerning these localities could not be true; that of all who slept the last sleep in the Dead Lake, none ever disturbed the surrounding solitudes by ghostly visits. Yet so affected was he by the tragedy just brought home to him, and so deeply was he influenced by every circumstance concerning it—the cloud phantasmagoria, the aerial following to the tomb—that his mind was in a state to receive any impression. He was sure all the time that it was but hallucination, but for the moment no reality could appear more true.

There in the sombre woods, within ear-shot of him, was Eva, the Eva they had buried that day. Just so she must have looked on that last dread walk through the forest. It was an image of the woe-laden figure that had come this way three days ago. He could bear this tension no longer, and in a minute or two more reached the spot where she stood. But no pale ghost was this, no spectre, rather it seemed a living, hardly less lovely Eva he now held fast.

"Arthur!—my brother Arthur!" cried Elizabeth; "I was looking for you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE "SHANNON."

ALTHOUGH several days before the issue of the last number of the WEEKLY, with its illustrations of the *Shannon*, daily papers of New York, Boston, and other cities had published many columns describing this vessel, yet then for the first time experts seemed to have the means of examining the claims which had been set up for her as being substantially, in her hull and some furnishings, the famous *Shannon* of 1813. An esteemed correspondent, Rear-Admiral G. H. Preble, has sent us what seems to us indisputable evidence that any claim to identity between the merchantman which dates from 1862 and the famous frigate of seventy years ago can not be sustained. "Referring first," he says, "to the bow, stern, cabin, and stove pictured in your paper, they are not at all representative of a ship of that period." Turning, therefore, to the records, Admiral Preble finds that the frigate *Shannon* was broken up in 1859 at Chatham dock-yard. "Some of her timbers have been constructed into an elegant and lofty pair of gates leading to the grounds of Broke Hall." It may be urged that the present vessel, built soon after, obtained enough of the material and fixtures to claim to be the *Shannon's* successor, but the Admiral notes that "the English government seldom or never sells vessels from the royal navy unless to be *broken up*, and never with all their fixtures on board." Without questioning the antique appearance of some of the fixtures depicted, yet the old victor in the duel with the *Chesapeake* has entirely disappeared, though emblems and memorials of her undoubtedly survive, and may be on board the present *Shannon*. It is suggestive that illustrations presented to the eye have set on foot historical inquiries which the elaborate printed descriptions might never have aroused.

PARTY VIOLENCE OF OLD.

PARTY violence raged among our ancestors with a severity unknown to our modern contests. Federalist and anti-Federalist were names that carried with them an intense hostility. At the adoption of the Constitution the contest had risen to the extreme of violence. New York was divided into two hostile camps, and the cry was, "Federalist or anti-Federalist." One evening in July, 1788, gunshots were heard in Water Street, not far from Broad and Coenties Slip. It was at No. 25, a small printing-office, where was published the New York *Journal and Daily Patriotic Register*, at six dollars a year. Here was the centre of the anti-Federalist faction. Thomas Greenleaf, the editor, gave full scope to all the republican impulses of the time. It was in the *Register* that "Brutus" poured out his maledictions upon the new Constitution, and "Cincinnatus" and "Cato" described it as a "a poisoned pill," a "gilded bait," designed to introduce a monarchy, and destroy the liberties of the people.

The feeling was sincere; it was that of the "Sons of Liberty," of whom Greenleaf's journal was the organ, and of a band of patriots of which Samuel Adams, George Clinton, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and many other famous names were the leaders. The monarchical spirit was abroad, and every sincere republican felt that it was his duty to oppose with scrupulous energy the first traces of its progress. They would stamp it out as something deadly and destructive, and they were right. It was the honest republicanism of Washington that purified the nation. But the letters of "Brutus," "Cincinnatus," "Cato," and the republican leaders who wrote for the *Daily Register* are as worthy of study as those of Hamilton and Jay. They were far more truthful, because they reflect more clearly the impulses that were to govern America in the future. "The new Constitution," said "Brutus," "has a specious resemblance to a free government." "Cato" complains of "the vast and important powers" given to the President, and fears he may raise himself to a despotism on the ruins of his country. He thinks the ten miles square of the new capital will become a centre of tyranny and flattery. Every trait of the new government was scanned and criticised by the keen republicans, and Greenleaf's journal gave them a free access to the public ear. The rage of the Federalists was intense, and the voice of the "Sons of Liberty" seemed to have lost its old charm.

At length New York adopted the Constitution, the opposition yielded, and on a memorable day, July 24, 1788, the city arose to celebrate the auspicious event. A great crowd, we are told, of not less than six or seven thousand persons gathered to witness the procession. It began its march at St. Paul's Church, passed down Broadway to Pearl or Queen Street, then along Hanover Square to Chatham Street, and then to the green fields, where had been prepared a banquet for the people. It was, the newspapers said, a *fête-champêtre* in a style of rare profusion. Ten tables radiating from a centre had been laid for the feast, and canopies placed above them kept off the rain that unluckily fell in frequent showers. The company was large, the entertainment profuse. Two bullocks and a sheep were roasted whole, hams and other delicacies abounded, wine and punch flowed freely, toasts and speeches followed, and it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that the Federalists, satisfied, returned to their homes. In the evening there was an illumination. The city shone with light. A transparent picture of General Washington, brilliantly lighted, glittered in Maiden Lane. Stars shone everywhere, flags waved, and crowds gathered, and New York seemed a fairy city. The next day the newspapers described the glowing scene, but Greenleaf's *Register* was full of malicious strokes of wit. The *antis*, it suggested, staid at home. It reported an accident to the good ship *Hamilton*; its guns had refused to fire, its figure-head snapped off. The wit was harmless, but its point was felt.

Such were the early celebrations of our ancestors. But unhappily our ancestors were often harsh and rude. They had not yet learned toleration. The Federalists resolved to revenge themselves on the bold printer Greenleaf, and in the midst of their triumphs they had not learned to forgive. On the evening of July 31, when he was absent, a crowd collected, and gunshots were fired into his house on Water Street. His family were in great alarm. Late in the evening the printer came to his home, and was told of his danger. He armed himself with two pistols. About one o'clock he was roused by a loud knocking at the door. He fired his two pistols at the leaders of the mob in vain. They broke down the door, dashed to pieces his shop window, and destroyed his type and presses. The *Daily Register* no longer appeared. The weekly was still maintained, and the unfortunate editor lamented his losses in subdued tones, and complained that the freedom of the press was no longer known in New York. But he was resolved, he said, to appeal to a jury and to his countrymen.

In the end the principles he advocated were triumphant. The influence of the "Sons of Liberty" has been felt in all the history of the country. The monarchists hid themselves in despair. The Constitution was administered according to the teachings of "Cato" and "Brutus" rather than those of the Federalists who assailed the printer. Freedom of thought has spread over mankind, humanity has advanced, party violence is confined at least to words, and from the little shop in Water Street have come lasting impulses tending to the common good.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE Republicans of an Illinois district have nominated Mr. Needles for Congress, and those of a Missouri district have nominated Mr. Pins. Considering the political complexions of the two States, the chances are that Pins will not go in so easily as Needles.

The company owning the black-and-tan cabs has obtained in the Supreme Court an injunction restraining an owner of cabs painted in imitation of them from using his vehicles as a means of public conveyance. The judge explained that he did not mean to hold that the company was entitled to any exclusive property in color or in words, but he held that it "has so far established a trade-mark in the words and color and device, as they are combined and used, that the plaintiff is entitled to call upon a court of equity for protection against imitations designed to mislead the public, and to deprive the plaintiff of its profits." Everybody who has had anything to do with the drivers of the bogus cheap cabs knows that, while they will usually accept the established low rates, the majority of them will take advantage of strangers or persons whom they know to be in too great a hurry to lose time parleying with them or hunting for another vehicle. It is not logical to expect fair dealing from a man who seeks patronage under false pretense. The public will rejoice in every decision against the bogus black-and-tans.

The foreman of the men employed in the Flood Rock excavation is reported as having said that the mine would be ready for the blast in September of next year. When Hallett's Reef, a short distance above Flood Rock, in Hell Gate, was blown up, several years ago, much curiosity and some alarm concerning the result were evinced by the public. Having been informed that Hallett's Reef was part of a rocky formation which extended northward through New England, some rural scientists at a distance of several hundred miles from Hell Gate seriously proposed to make preparations for studying the effect of the explosion upon the up-country end of the rock. But the effect of the blast was disappointing even to those who were stationed nearest to the mine. Measured by preparations, the Flood Rock explosion will be a bigger affair than that of Hallett's Point, but the public interest in it will be far less than that with which the people awaited the firing of the first monster Hell Gate mine.

In the year ended June 30 last, Uncle Sam disposed of nearly twenty-seven million acres of land, for which he received a little less than twelve million dollars.

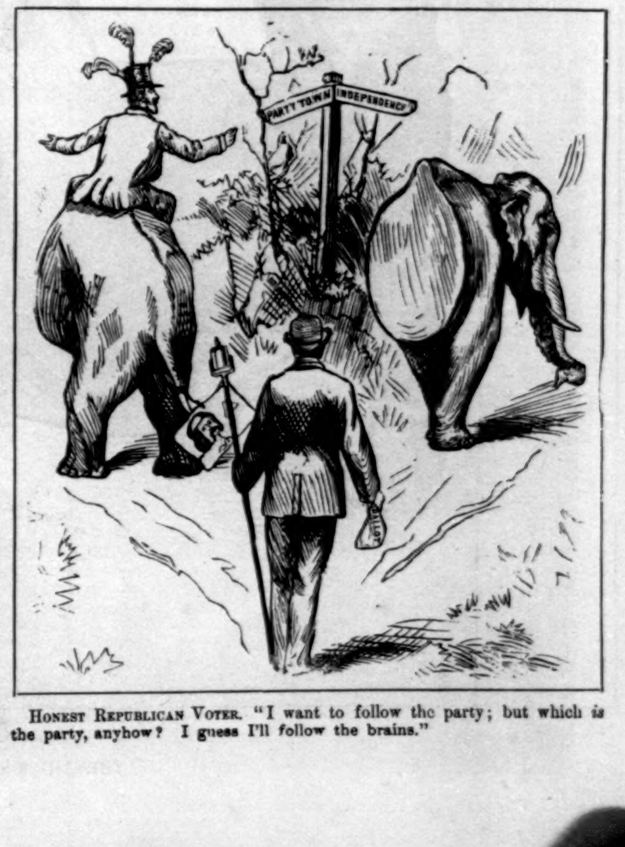
In a recent lecture before the Social Science Congress at Birmingham, England, Mrs. Kendal, who, conjointly with her husband, manages the St. James's Theatre in London, said that a menace to the drama was found in the ease with which "empty-headed sprigs of nobility" found their way upon the stage and crowded off those to whom the stage afforded their only means of livelihood, and who were therefore compelled to be faithful and painstaking.

The State of Virginia asks those persons and societies that have mementos of her great men—autographs, portraits, monuments, literary remains, souvenirs of any kind—to co-operate with her in the grand exhibit she proposes to make at the forth-coming World's Fair in New Orleans. Through her Governor, who is chairman of a committee appointed for the purpose, the Treasurer being Colonel Randolph Harrison, of Richmond, she makes an appeal to the country at large for the loan of any trophy of her great men or her great natural resources. Her roll of heroes is both illustrious and long, and if every American who possesses some reminder of their valorous virtues should accede to her request, the magnificent building of the exhibition would not be large enough to contain the treasures.

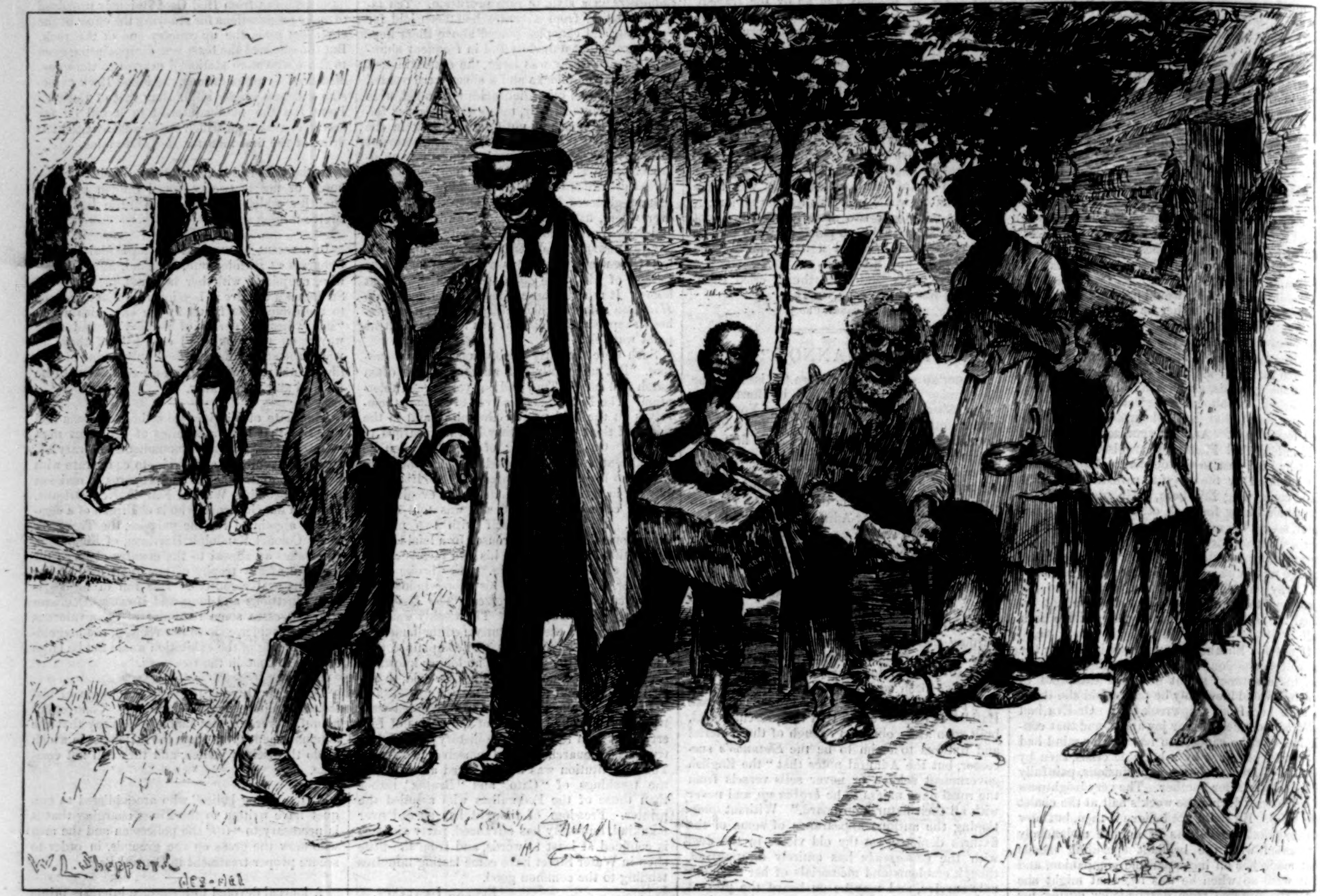
Next year there is to be an exhibition of historical furniture in St. Petersburg. Connecticut manufacturers of that line of goods say that the announcement gives them too little time in which to do themselves justice, and they will not compete.

"Four young ladies" who are addicted to croquet have written to the *Times* charging that it is necessary to "tip" the policemen and the men who mow the grass on the grounds, in order to secure proper treatment in Central Park.

A journal devoted to insurance interests prints some statistics regarding suicides in the United States during the six months ending with August. From these figures it appears that a man is three times as likely to commit suicide as a woman; that the period of his greatest danger is his thirty-fifth year; that the chances are more than two to one that if he kills himself the deed will be done in the night; that the latter half of each month is a more perilous fortnight to him than the first half; and that the probability of his being driven to self-destruction by disappointment in love is slightly greater than that of his coming to a like end through dissipation. The moral of this last comparison is susceptible of re-enforcement by bringing in the fact that dissipation frequently leads to insanity, and that the chances of a man dying by his own hand while insane are as three to two to the chances that the cause of his suicide will be either an affair of the heart or devotion to the bottle. There were more suicides in the spring of this year than in any other spring covered by these statistics. In the summer the number fell below the usual summer average; but the fall opened with an alarming ratio, which promises to make the number of suicides for the year somewhat larger than that for 1883. The usual annual average in this country is about thirty-two per million of population.

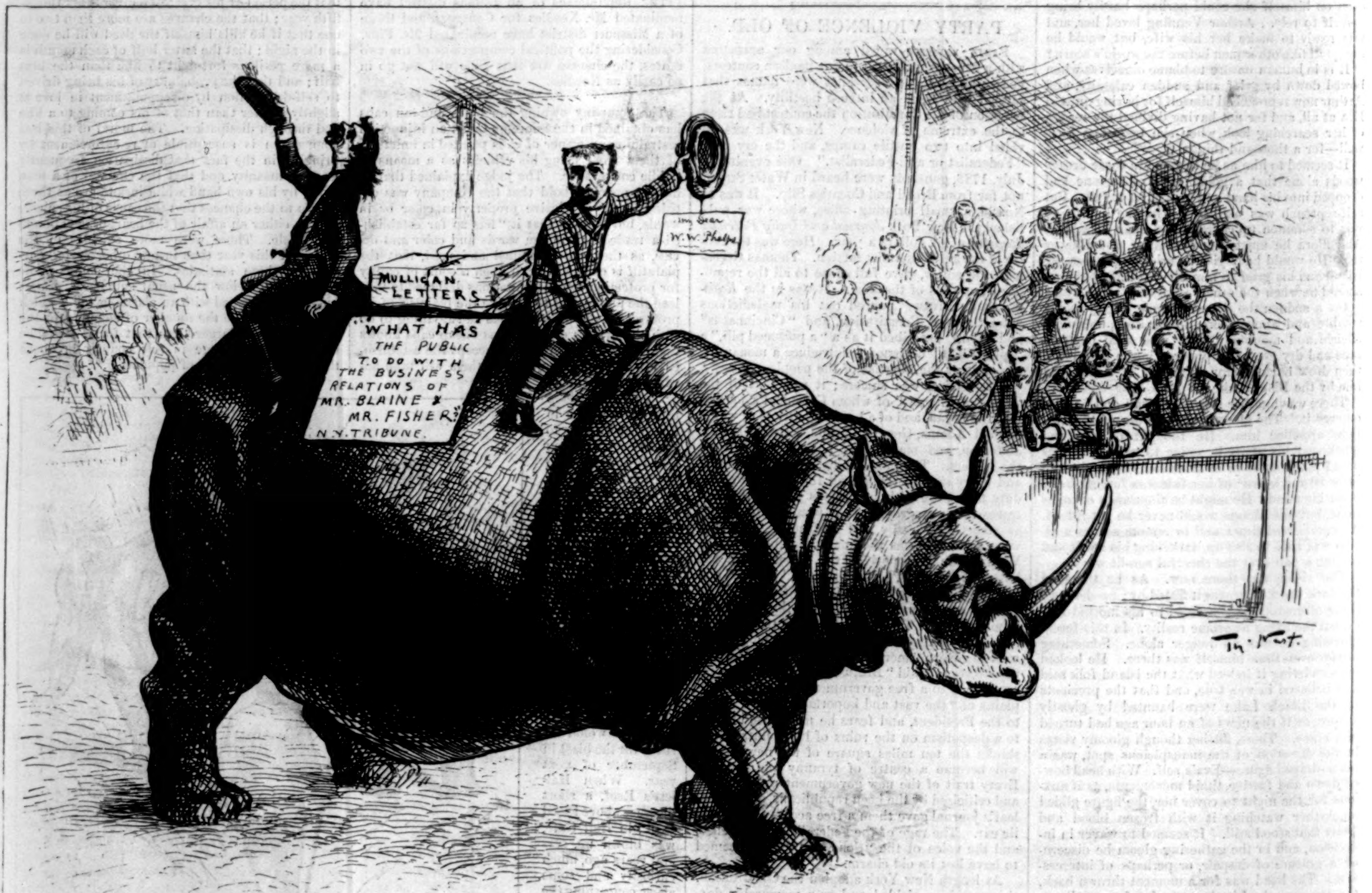


HONEST REPUBLICAN VOTER. "I want to follow the party; but which *is* the party, anyhow? I guess I'll follow the brains."


W. L. Sheppard

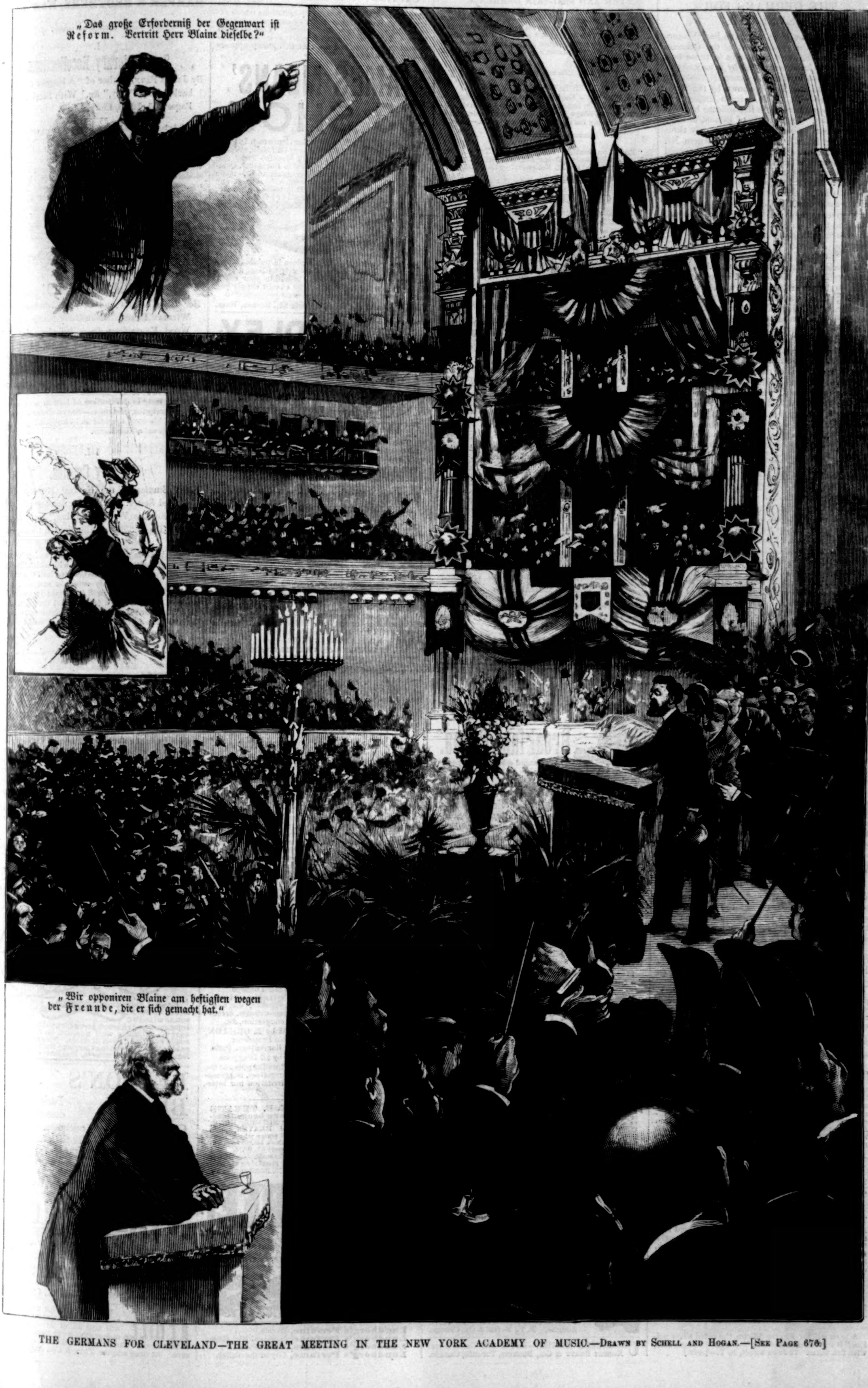
A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

"Come out to Orate in de Canvass."


MULLIGAN LETTERS
WHAT HAS THE PUBLIC TO DO WITH THE BUSINESS RELATIONS OF MR. BLAINE & MR. FISHER? N.Y. TRIBUNE
My dear W. W. Phelps
Th. Nast.

GLORYING IN THEIR SHAME.

THE THICK-SKINNED ANIMAL GOING AROUND THE CIRCLE.


„Das große Erforderniß der Gegenwart iſt Reform. Vertritt Herr Blaine dieſelbe?“
„Wir opponiren Blaine am heftigſten wegen der Freunde, die er ſich gemacht hat.“

THE GERMANS FOR CLEVELAND—THE GREAT MEETING IN THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 676.]

THE GERMANS FOR CLEVELAND.

UNQUESTIONABLY Mr. CLEVELAND has the support of by far the greater part of the German-American voters, and it is thought by those best informed that he is supported by a majority of those who have in the past generally voted the Republican ticket. This is shown by the striking frequency with which German leaders and German journals heretofore Republicans have declared for him. In the State of Illinois, of some seventy papers published in German only three support Mr. BLAINE. In Wisconsin, where Mr. SCHURZ, the most gifted and the most honored leader among the German Americans, has been making a remarkable series of addresses, he has everywhere received the most enthusiastic greeting. In Ohio, where the first great struggle of the canvass occurs, the Germans have been practically given up by the Republicans, who are turning to the Irish for compensation.

In this city, the great meeting on the 29th ult., filling the Academy of Music and Irving Hall, with an "overflow" in the streets, was by far the most notable so far of the canvass. And it was more notable from the tone and strength of the addresses than even from its size and spirit. The presiding officer was Mr. OSWALD OTTENDORFER, the veteran journalist of the *Staats-Zeitung*, one of the best representatives of the German Americans in our country. His speech was one of which those of his race may well be proud, for its plain and direct common-sense, its appeal to the reason and consciousness of his hearers, the entire absence from it of anything like demagogy. He referred with just pride to the splendid vigor and independence with which the German Democrats of New York rallied to the defense of honest government against the Tammany ring (a movement in which his own part was conspicuously honorable), and declared that German Republicans would show the same spirit now in saving the national government from pollution. Ex-Governor SALOMON, of Wisconsin, a life-long Republican, followed in the same line; and Mr. SCHURZ, fresh from his triumphant but arduous labors in the West, declared that as there were no German rebels and no German repudiationists, there will be no German defenders of dishonesty.

Undoubtedly the question of prohibition enters into the German feeling against Mr. BLAINE. The Germans regard the prohibition project as one directed against the personal liberty of the citizens, and while they are recognized as among the most temperate and law-abiding of our citizens, they revolt at the idea of compulsory regulation of their personal habits. But the influence of this element in the situation is generally exaggerated. It must be remembered that the Germans have been faithful to the Republican party in many instances when it was much more closely allied with the prohibition movement than it now is. They gave Ohio and the Presidency to the water-drinking Mr. HAYES in 1876, and they stood by Mr. GARFIELD against an organized attempt to influence them on the side of their antipathy to the temperance party. They see in this campaign the real issue, one of personal integrity and official fidelity in the candidate. They are inclined to regard a party as a means rather than an end, and their support of Mr. CLEVELAND is very largely due to the conviction that his election is necessary at once to the honest administration of the government and to the honor of their adopted country. If this were not plain from the history of the Germans in our politics, it might be inferred from the character of the speeches addressed to them in this canvass. These are not less honorable to the audience than to the speakers. Mr. SCHURZ, for instance, has been accused by ignorant or mendacious organs of Mr. BLAINE of appealing to race feeling, but it is to the highest feelings of the human race, in organized political life, that he appeals. He does not seek to lead his fellow-Germans where their sense of duty does not point the way. Happy would it be for the American people if the entire body of voters required and followed the same sort of leadership!

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
ADMIRABLE RESULTS IN FEVERS.
DR. J. J. RYAN, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I invariably prescribe it in fevers; also in convalescence from wasting and debilitating diseases, with admirable results. I also find it a tonic to an enfeebled condition of the genital organs."—[*Adv.*]

MEANEST SNEAK IN TOWN.
MALARIAL gases sneaked up through the poorly constructed drains and made baby very sick with malarial fever. Baby would have died but for timely use of Brown's Iron Bitters. There is nothing meaner in its way of coming, nor worse in its effects, than this malaria from the underground regions. Mrs. McDonald, of New Haven, Conn., says, "For six years I suffered from the effects of malaria, but Brown's Iron Bitters cured me entirely." Try it when malaria steals in and undermines your constitution. It will give relief.—[*Adv.*]

*** PILE tumors, rupture, and fistulas radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

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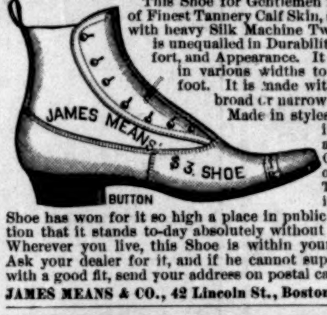

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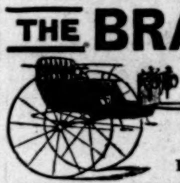

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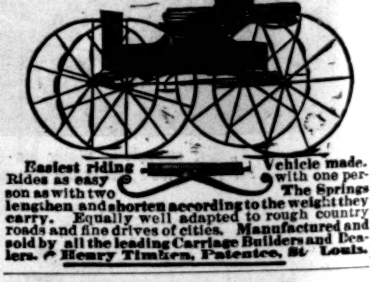

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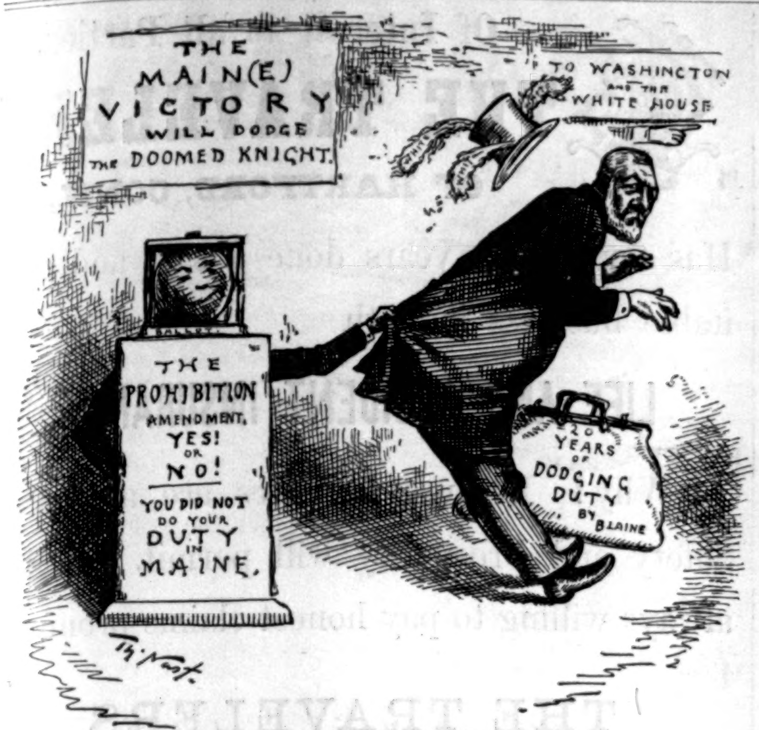
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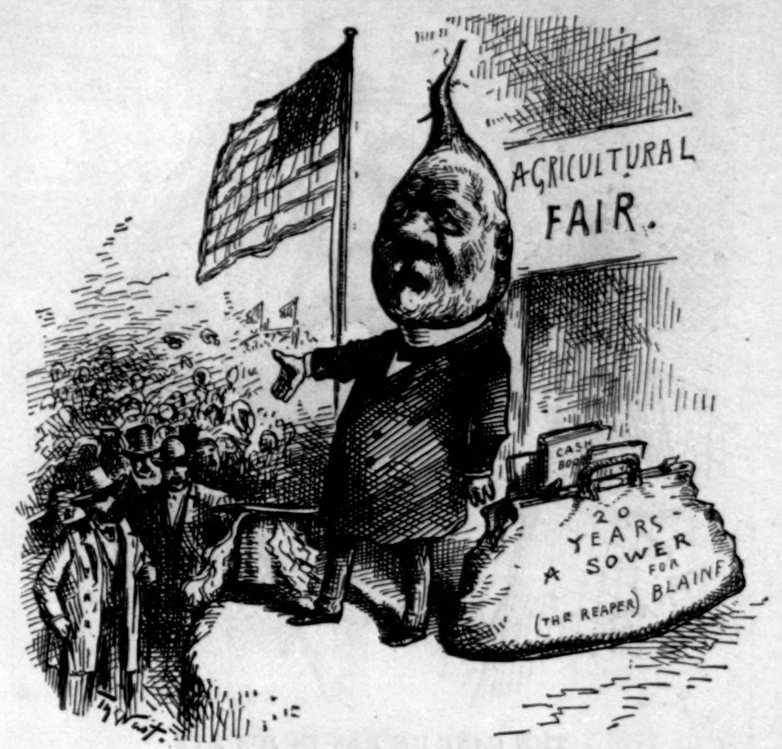
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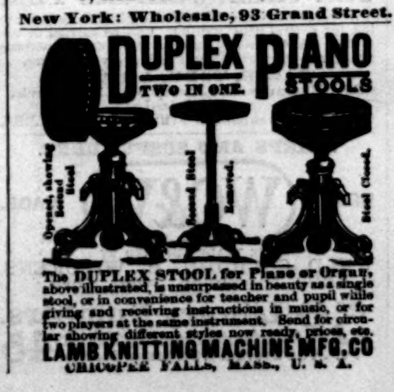
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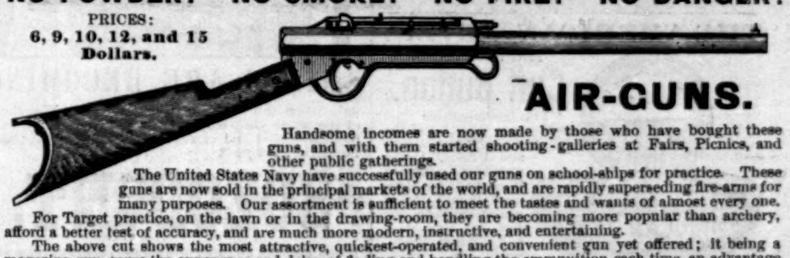

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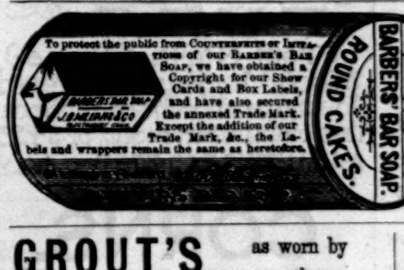

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